

CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

Maclean's

APRIL 21, 1980

\$1.00



INSIDE AFGHANISTAN

EYEWITNESS REPORT
ON THE WAR

F-18A—NEW
AND A
WINGS
PRAYER





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Editorial

We need much more than new toys for the birdmen

By Peter C. Newman

So, we've got ourselves a spanking new fighter, the F-18A, which can carry an 18,000-pound weapons payload for 2,000 miles. Probably it's as good a choice as any, though we might have been able to buy 16 more F-16s for the same price. But, as John Hay of Maclean's 5 Ottawa bureau points out (page 15), the aircraft decision (which took three years to materialize) leaves our defence policy basically unchanged. We remain hesitant to our geography, buckled beneath the shield of the U.S. nuclear deterrent.

Canada's armed forces—which played such a heroic role during the Second World War—have been reduced to an efficient but undermanned ramp, consisting of 37,000 fighting personnel, including no fewer than 160 serving generals. (At the moment there are 17 more German tanks in Canada—on practice manoeuvres at Camp Shilo in Manitoba—than there are Canadian tanks in the rest of the country.)

To the tough-minded Europeans, who gradually believe in NATO as a bulwark against surprise attacks by the Soviets, we remain a people Real warriors no longer, pacifists not yet, we are regarded as spineless free riders trying to placate all factions while maintaining our wretched peacetime status.

It's an irony that our NATO contribution now lags

behind only that of Luxembourg, since Canada under Lester Pearson's auspices was one of the alliance's founders and strongest proponents. But since our contribution—including the expensive new F-18A—has become so marginal, it is time to re-evaluate our whole approach. For instance, our navy desperately requires Harpoon ship-to-ship missiles and Phalarope rocket-missile interceptors as well as the six new frigates it was promised three years ago. Our jets might much more usefully be employed in Arctic air defence.

At the same time, our tiny reserve forces (with an authorized total of only 25,000) should be vastly multiplied and better equipped so they can realistically augment the regulars in the event of mobilization or large-scale civic disorders. "There is no evidence," says Richard Rohrer, the novelist-general who heads the reserves, "that the people of Canada and their Parliament are prepared to abandon the reserves in favour of a Canadian armed force that is made up exclusively of full-time professionals."

New that the controversy of the big fighter purchase has been resolved, the Trudeau government must undertake a fundamental review of the slippy way our \$4.3-billion defence budget is being spent. Otherwise, our soldiers will have moved from what Lord Montgomery called "a splendid body of men" to being pawns in a meaningless military compromise.



Maclean's

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The body still stinks

By Garry Murphy

For more than 16 minutes, rockets, hand grenades and machine-gun fire ripped into the police station in the heart of Johannesburg early this month. When it was over, the black attackers sped away into the night leaving behind pamphlets demanding the release of Nelson Mandela, a leader who has spent the past 16 years in jail. South Africa's white minority government was left with another reminder of the growing conviction among young blacks that apartheid will only be dissolved with bullets and bombs. Like many other blacks, the guerrillas are no doubt wondering what the recent talk of change in South Africa is all about. For them, there seems to be little of it. On the other hand, for more conservative whites there is already far too much talk of change from Prime Minister P. W. Botha. Spurred by his generals, who are urging internal reform as the only way to stave off an eventual civil insurrection among the country's disenfranchised 18 million blacks, Botha has been warning South Africans to "adapt or die."

When they held 25 whites hostage in a Pretoria bank in January, these armed black demonstrators dramatically made the same point, and the headline victory of Robert Mugabe in neighboring Rhodesia has given new urgency to Botha's call for reform. So far his most significant move has been the overhaul of some labor laws giving black workers more chances of advancement and loosening black trade unions. He has also ordered the bureaucracy to make it easier for restaurants and hotels—if they want to—to get permits to serve blacks, and some black leaders have given him high marks for his willingness to listen when they meet—in striking contrast to his predecessor, John Vorster.

The rest of Botha's reform program, however, is still in the realm of promise and perfection. He has suggested that whites do not avoid the townships that blacks are across the color line, implying that this cooperation may be helpful. But elsewhere vigilance is the order of the day, though political insiders say Botha is working toward a confederation of states with some type of dual citizenship for blacks in an effort to achieve "a more equitable division" of political power.

Division, however, is still the operative word. All Botha's intended reforms still remain within the skeleton framework of apartheid, whose essence is separate political institutions for blacks and whites—what Botha calls "vertical differentiation." Nevertheless, so enthusiastic have some of Botha's supporters become that they echo the other agents of change. Black Affairs Minister P. K. Koenig, who declared that "apartheid is dead." Also on his side



Botha, known as "Dr. No" for his attitude

Botha has the business community, which is looking for change in order to diffuse international hostility, and to get rid of cumbersome apartheid laws which hamper economic productivity and growth.

But elsewhere in the white community, particularly in Afrikanerdom, Botha is seen as a bull in the china shop, breaking down the treasured wall of immunity from the black majority. Spits between pro- and anti-Botha factions are appearing in the Dutch Reformed churches, which have offered biblical justification to apartheid, and in the white work force which fears the encroachment of black workers. This group finds its spokesman and ideological

down in Public Works Minister Andries Treurnicht, known as "Dr. No" for his rigid attitude to proposed changes in apartheid. Treurnicht recently riled Botha by criticizing the participation of a colored (mixed race) rugby team in an otherwise all-white tournament. Botha issued a stinging public rebuke to his minister, saying he could not be associated with attitudes that portray coloreds as "lepers" to be shunned by whites.

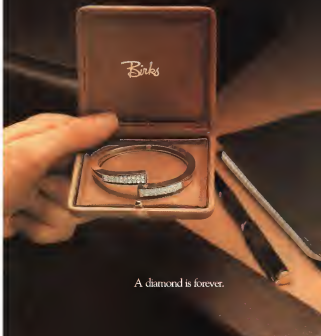
Behind the public spat was an attempt by Botha to edge Treurnicht out of the party as he and his moderate faction could get on with reforms they want to make. But high in the cabinet, Treurnicht is still in the cabinet, his objections to the coloreds' participation remain unheeded, and he is in a position to continue his internal guerrilla warfare against Botha's moves. The prime minister will eventually have to go to the polls in a snap election to settle this dispute.

Meanwhile this wrangling, which is dominating white politics, is seen as not much more than a pyrrhic-party pillow fight by most blacks because, whatever the outcome, apartheid will remain. Botha's proposed changes do not go the length of black demands to grant apartheid and reject it with freedom of movement and property ownership, equal citizenship and equal voting rights in one state. "If apartheid is really dead," wrote black editor Percy Qobela, "then urgent preparation must be made for the funeral since the body is still around and making a stink."

The fact is that unless Botha vanquishes his right wing and makes the transformation from white politician to statesman by attempting to come to grips with the basic political demands of the blacks, then all he may be doing is paving—with good intentions—the road to a future in South Africa which out of his predecessors called "too ghastly to contemplate."

Garry Murphy is *Morocco* correspondent in South Africa.

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In self-defence

By George Ignatieff

As our national anthem, we sing bravely of "the true North strong and free" and pledge ourselves repetitively to "stand as guard for thee." I sometimes wonder why there is so little discussion of how best this commitment should be carried out.

I know that options in defence are limited by our alliance commitments, but this does not mean that these cannot be renegotiated. The North American Air Defence (NORAD) agreement comes up for renegotiation periodically. We should ask ourselves whether sheltering under the NATO nuclear shield will serve our defence needs, in view of radically changing circumstances.

NORAD was the product of another era—the Korea War and John Foster Dulles' doctrine of "massive retaliation." Times have changed and the Soviet Union has now overtaken the United States in the production of nuclear weapons systems. The one sure thing about nuclear weapons is that they do not constitute a defence; they can only be a threat. I do not believe that the threat remains credible as a deterrent if it becomes destabilized by the quest for parity. If this point is reached, it is the solidarity of the alliance, not "massive retaliation" or "mutual assured destruction," that guarantees our safety.

In this new situation, I argue, it is important for Canadians to review our dependence on the nuclear shield of NORAD and to think unambiguously of more realistic, non-nuclear means of defending our interests. Obviously our security properly should be in the defence of NATO's northern flank—the circumpolar region stretching from Alaska to Norway's border with the Soviet Union. This area is rich in oil and, therefore, of increasing importance. The importance of NATO's northern flank is enhanced by the growing instability on NATO's southern flank, given access to the oil-rich areas of the Persian Gulf and the Near East.

In planning the protection of the northern region, it is necessary to take into account the peculiar ecological fragility of the Arctic environment, as well as its exposure to the sea threat of the Soviet fleet in Murmansk. We need to consider a complex of new multilateral agreements with our northern allies, both to protect our northern environment as well as ensuring its security.

Both factors suggest that the protection and guarantees should be based upon international co-operation backed by mobile, open-ended conventional forces. We should agree with our NATO allies on a policy of basing the deployment of nuclear forces in the northern Arctic regions, just as they were banned from the Antarctic region by the 1959 treaty.

As long ago as the '40s, I remember Lester Pearson, then undersecretary of state for external affairs, suggesting that NATO should include Canada's Arctic as the

defence of its northern flank, rather than have Canada committed to a purely bilateral defence arrangement with the U.S. Since the Canadian North is already encompassed within the North Atlantic area, no fundamental renegotiation of the North Atlantic Treaty would be required.

However, this would imply that the U.S. would have to be willing to share decision-making about North American defence with the European members of NATO. In the '60s, when the nuclear power of the U.S. was clearly superior to that of the Soviet Union, the Americans were not willing to involve their European partners in any way in the defence of North America. Today, American military capabilities are strained in trying to match the expanding military power of the Soviet Union and their threat toward NATO's flank. Ever since the '60s, Canada has been associated in a minor way with strengthening the northern NATO flank in the event of an emergency. Considering the extent to which we and other NATO countries, like the U.S., Britain, Norway and Denmark, depend on oil reserves in the North Sea and in the Arctic, there is more than enough to be in sharing the tasks of surveillance and protection.

Least measures of military preparedness in the North should ensue a further arms race with the Soviet Union, it would be important that the renegotiation of northern defence be accompanied by measures of arms control, particularly addressed to the gradual denuclearization of the region. The suspension of the ratification of SALT II by the U.S. has emboldened the Soviet government to claim that while it is anxious to proceed with arms control negotiations, the West is holding them up. The renegotiation of the Geneva Disarmament Committee, following the United Nations Special Session on Disarmament (JANUARY 1978) enables the whole question of the control of nuclear weapons proliferation to be tackled afresh with the participation of all nuclear weapons powers, including China and France. In these talks, the aim should be to scale down the nuclear deterrent to a minimum on a global scale, as well as denuclearization of extensive regions like the Arctic.

Canadians, concerned as they are with developing resources in the Arctic—oil, gas, fish, minerals as well as improved communications—have a major stake in developing the necessary co-operation with other circumpolar powers in the pursuit of common aims. The Arctic North offers a classic example of how defence, economic development and arms control can all be addressed in a comprehensive and balanced approach. And here, at present, solutions are no longer possible. We need an integrated policy. I suggest a royal commission be set up to recommend policies on the interrelated aspects of defence, development and denuclearization of the North.

George Ignatieff's diplomatic career includes ambassadorships to NATO and to the United Nations. He is now president of the United Nations Association of Canada.



'It is important for Canadians to review our dependence on the nuclear shield of NORAD ...'



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Red Tory on the rebound



David MacDonald, a 44-year-old United Church minister from Prince Edward Island, was defeated in the Feb. 22 federal election after 16 years in Parliament and seven months as secretary of state in Joe Clark's short-lived government. One of the rebukes of the *Red Tory*, MacDonald was lambasted by MPs from all parties, and requested for his commitment to social liberalism and social justice. He was recently appointed a fellow of the Institute for Research on Public Policy, with a special two-year mandate to study and comment on the government's cultural and constitutional policy. In a recent interview in his Ottawa home, he talked to Maclean's correspondent Susan Riley about his experiences in government and his future.

Maclean's: What do you hope to accomplish in your new role?

MacDonald: It will give me the luxury of reading the books, something that is difficult to do in government. I'm anxious to carry on a dialogue on cultural policy. This gives me a platform and some resources to work on issues we

'Basically North America lies within one political party'

were wrestling with in government and in opposition.

Maclean's: It seems that you have not been demoralized by your election defeat.

MacDonald: Maybe I should feel more bitter or resentful than I do, but I really don't feel that way. If you see yourself as only having a useful role as an MP or a cabinet minister and then suddenly it is not off, I think that can drive you to a nervous breakdown. You have a loss of identity. I tried never to take my identity as a minister or a member too seriously because I always had the feeling it could be ended at any moment.

Maclean's: How do someone like you—a progressive, someone with moral and religious values—navigate the demands and the compromises of the parliamentary system?

MacDonald: Well, I feel some frustration, but not so much about our parliamentary system as about our society. I really came to this moment of insight at

the time of the War Measures Act. It was fabricated—not by the Trudeau government's action in imposing it, but by the willing acceptance of such a large number of people. It struck me with a sort of blinding force that the range and depth of critical analysis in this country is extremely limited. There is a notion of both authority and order in our society that has given us a certain sense of stability and security, but that makes it very difficult for us to deal with social change. I mean, it is hard for us to accept a different role for Quebec in Canada.

Maclean's: You haven't lost faith in the parliamentary system to solve such problems?

MacDonald: Well, you always have the option of revolution, but that is a destructive and unpredictable situation as well. Anybody who is concerned with social change, I guess, asks themselves the question in what way does change take place, in a way that people really are helped? Revolution is sometimes an option where everything else is broken down. I'm not sufficiently disenchanted or alienated to think that the system can't be reformed.

Maclean's: But is it morally justifiable that a country as rich as Canada, for instance, gives priority amounts to foreign aid?

MacDonald: Well, you are getting back to something pretty fundamental and that is the self-regarded quality of governments themselves, and that relates to public attitudes. In Europe there is a constant debate about the kind of value system they should have in order for society to function. In our societies—the United States and Canada—the debate is fairly limited because we are still trying to establish a society from the first place, which is why we end up with ideological differences between parties, like personality or leadership differences. Now, over the long term, I think we'll move into an era in which people will talk about things more on a basis of value systems.

Maclean's: Why did you become a Conservative, rather than an NDPer?

MacDonald: It was never a very realistic option. The size is more nonexistent in P.E.I. than in any part of the country. And I must say the NDP, from my point of view, is much less attractive as a kind of reform social democratic party today than it was in the days of Timmy Loo and David Lewis. Basically North America lies within one political party. It has one ideology with which all the political parties live, even the NDP. Europeans find that impossible to understand. It's funny, we criticize some of the Communist countries for their one-party systems, but that is all we have—a one party system. ☐

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On a fast boat to China



With hardly a discernible ripple, the Rambles Cruise is shattering much of negative China from the gaze of the world press, probably irrevocably, last October. Red tape was snipped as Chinese authorities quietly opened up their Kwangtung-Macao-Hong Kong borders to the same brand of mass market, day-tripping tourism that a century ago resplendent cities like Shanghai, Atlanta City and Greenville from backwater communities to major tourist centres.

Since October hundreds of international day-trippers have been wandering through the red gate separating Macao from China for snail-pace-hour look-see of houses like Cheung, Long Hoi, New House and Shui. Never heard of them? Wait a couple of years. The crafty Chinese, their eyes ever on the herd carrying their tourism brings, have plans to lure these villagers into a Castle of Canton, complete with holiday hotel, rent-a-car facilities, swimming pools, plus a capitalistic golf course or two. And already flunk of China clerks have orders to honor the American Express credit card for cash advances of up to \$1,000.

The Chinese border town of Shanhai, just over the railway bridge from Hong Kong, is also slated for a massive tourist renovation. Thousands of Hong Kong tourists are daily arriving at the border, walking across the China frontier and being taken on quick night-sightseeing strolls of this community of 200,000. Bubbly-occupied shops show the visitors a local school and the community waterworks, poster displays and

Ming and Ching Dynasty art exhibits, the sunspot-touring interrupted only by a mediocre Chinese meal at the local Spring Garden restaurant.

What's new about this day-trip cross-border tourism from both Hong Kong and Macao is that China has, in a single stroke, decided both the formerly inflexible prior day and the formerly inflexible red tape for tourists who want a short, swift peek at what Peking authorities have to offer. Entry visas to China are now granted in Macao and Hong Kong in just 24 hours, free, and the cost of these day trips, including breakfast, transportation and guide fees, is less than \$40. With some of the best scenery covering 124 miles along China's dusty roads, it's dollar-for-dollar just about the best tourism value in the world today. Free-lance writer Arthur Gossler recently took a regularly scheduled China Travel Service one-day tour, Hong Kong-Macao-China and back again:

The trip to China begins in a second-floor office in downtown Hong Kong, a portrait of Mao Tse-tung beaming down as the travel lines slip, 30 hours in advance of departure, to hand over passport details plus the price of the China trip to be paid, reading: English-speaking clerks. China's red tape has shown itself to be short and sweet. The only nationality barred: South Africans. South Koreans and Israelis. Taiwanese are admitted. The status of Rhodesians is being reconsidered. Two mornings later, the travellers gather in the Hong Kong docks at the pier of the Macao ferry. Chinese guides speaking impeccable English greet them, shepherd them through the outgoing immigration procedures and aboard a sleek red-and-white hydrofoil which will swing them across the chocolate-brown mouth of the Pearl River to

Greenowen Shing (above), hydrofoil crossing from Hong Kong to Macao: a swift peek.



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Macao. Promptly at 8 a.m., the whining motor engines roar up, and the hydro-fall backs out into Hong Kong harbor, negotiating between steel-sided junks, white-painted consumer ferries and rusting coal barges. The pilot sets his compass on due west and pushes the throttles forward. The boat-on-plane effects up an underwater wings and in soon speeding away from sunrise at 40 knots. Hong Kong's skyscrapers quickly drop below the horizon to be replaced by the brown and green outer islands, the rustic scenery only occasionally punctuated by an apparently deserted, solitary Buddhist temple, Asian graveyard or dusty fishing village. In an hour and 15 minutes the throttle is out back, the hull of the vessel slams back down into the water and it pores into the piers at Macao, the last voyage in Asia of a Portuguese empire that once spanned the globe.

Chinese gods in the customary Red Star emblem are on the dock and the visitors are ushered swiftly ashore, through the Portuguese customs facilities and onto an air-conditioned bus, which soon beep-beeps its way through the twisting alleyways of this quaint community toward Gamboa Gate and China beyond. Macao has all the sexy atmosphere of a sin town, which it used to be. But the brightness and the opulent dens have long since been converted into apartments—desert housing in this city appears with patch of Portugal in today a lot more profitable than vice. Dominating the skyline and competing with the facade of the ancient cathedral, knickered down as an earthquake, is the round front of the Hotel Lisboa, Asia's version of Las Vegas, where the gambling tables are packed closely by with Chinese odds-chances until the wee hours of each morning.

The tourist bus snakes through the riotous and red and shoots down a straight stretch of road, past an upraised, red-striped frontier pole, and suddenly 300 travelers are through the Bamboo Curtain—Hong Kong just 100 minutes and two centuries behind them.

First stop, a huge airplane-hangar-sized structure where a Chinese immigration official greets us. She looks as if she had stepped out of one of those massive propaganda posters: kamikaze black hair in two thick strands flowing out from under a military peak cap, with its Red Star emblem. She smiles when she asks for passports—in perfect English—doesn't mind having her photo taken and makes pleasant, well-covered small talk with visitors.

Next, stop, blue-uniformed customs agents who check down a list of what is being carried in (beachwear, tape recorder, cameras) so that the author-

ties can be assessed the same goods come out, and have not been sold. Far those who can't stand being away from home for too long, few bottles per person in the legal limit, plus 600 cigarettes (by 30 a.m., the travelers have hoarded the last again and use as their way.

Every inch of this green, rural region of China is cultivated, swarming with families winning lots, schoolchildren out en masse to bring in the harvest. The only sound along stretches of road is the jangling of handcar bells—this

bottle of the sharp. Two feet, all crowded out by smiling westerners.

Almost no signs of surveillance. The visitors are turned loose on Shao's streets to wander where they choose for a few minutes. It is vividly apparent that the foreigners are as crucial for the economy of Shao as they are for them. Cynics of children follow each tourist, with the elders strolling a few respectful paces behind. Try on a cap or a Mao jacket (it's in a shop and the locals break into laughter and applause



Kinderergarten kids, soap-and-dance hotel

is berylite country. When the very rare motor vehicle approaches, it is inevitably a truck or a bus—China is almost devoid of the private passenger vehicles that dominate Western roads. Every aspect of the countryside serves some purpose—even the usual roadside drainage ditch has been converted into freshwater fish farms or duck ponds.

But already, tourism is beginning to change this. At the Chang Shao a 60-room tourist hotel will soon open its doors, 15 minutes drive from Macao. A restaurant, shopping centre, theatre and, of all things, a car park are on the drawing boards. There will also be tennis courts, a lounge bar and a picnic suitable for setting off fireworks.

Large piles upon piles. The red and white buses that Dr. Sun Yat-sen, one of the great architects of modern China, built at the end of the 19th century, complete with the family furniture, photographs of himself and his parents, is a shrine visited daily by Chinese travelers and now those free overseas. In Shao's City, a community of 150,000, there's a kiosk at a worker's first house, rice, spicy side dishes, tea, a cooling, velvety white wine and a few big bowls

Hand them a Polynesian dance of themselves and instantly there are gifts in return, pieces of candy, cigarettes, a glass of beer.

Back into the bus to drive to a local school. Kindergarten kids dancing and singing welcome. Children in the classroom cheer. "What is this? Where is this? Who is this?" They are all learning English beginning in the third grade. Millions and millions of youngsters in this huge nation, all laboring to learn English. The word begins.

There is a quick visit to watch the Long-Rui production brigade out working in the fields, and then the day in China is drawing to a end. Back at Shao's Gate passports are stamped with the bright red seal of Peking, about the size of a quarter. The state pigsticker girl at immigration smiles her goodbyes. The travelers march out past an immense photograph of Mao, climb back in the bus for the last time to enter through Macao to the ferry port in time to catch the 5 p.m. hydrofoil back to Hong Kong. The journey lasted just under 12 hours. ☐

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On the block

By David Folster

The bull is angry and resistant. It can't be lured from the enclosure back of the sales ring. When a man grabs the animal toward the narrow exit, it backs off furiously, whumping its legs backside against the restraining fences. Finally, three men in heavy handshaking the stockyard equivalent of sword-fighters—

valves, straw pens and bulls—have been funnelled into this small, mud-stained ring and auctioned. Eighty per cent of them are destined for the abattoir, and slaughter, but that heavy fact doesn't weigh much on the spectators assembled in crowded wooden bleachers on two sides of the ring. A few bull on



quick and competitive trading in animals and, from the farmers' standpoint, are a big improvement over the old days, when people called "drivers" travelled from farm to farm buying animals for as little as they could. "They used to run around the country and beat you down to nothing if they could," recalls one New Brunswick cartoonist. "But here there's competition. This auction has put a lot of money in farmers' pockets." Indeed it has. Named after two adjacent New Brunswick parishes about 45 miles from Saint John, the Sussex and Stragfield Agricultural Society (a farmers' co-operative founded in 1861) has been running this auction for 58 years. Last year it did \$4 million worth of business—small change compared to Toronto, Montreal or Calgary, for example, where livestock auctions are daily events, but nothing to be sneezed at in Sussex, a little town of 6,000 sitting among the lush hills and big farms that make it the dairy centre of the



hockey sticks with the blades missing—help into the pen and goad the animal on the head, forequarters and rump. Suddenly the 1,350-pound bull yields, moves through the gate and into the ring—and is promptly sold into an immediate future as beefsteak.

But this is life still: some distance from the dinner plate. This is life at the weekly livestock auction of the Sussex and Stragfield Agricultural Society in southern New Brunswick. All day long animals—mostly pig, andward

Auctioneer Buchanan, auctioneer's wife, trigger's catch no room for auctioneer

animals by adding their heads or kicking their heads toward the auctioneer, must merely look on with bemused interest. In a sense, this small, claustrophobic-looking arena becomes a suspended moment, a halfway station between the brookside ruins of the farm and the violence of the slaughterhouse. Livestock auctions like this are held all over Canada. They are designed for



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Maritimes. Sevens is on the threshold of another auspicious hour: large deposits of petrol have been discovered in the area, and the mines will mean new jobs and more money. It was once found the mines might make serious incursions into the rich farmland. But because the mining will be based in wooded areas, and most of the work done underground anyway, that threat does seem unlikely. So the weekly livestock auctions will still be where people come to sell the fattest calf or a litter of pigs—or just to pass the time of day.

By Anne L. J., who'll make it 100? Don't

Age 104. Not What? make it 100? ...
The words tumble effortlessly from auctioneer Ora Buchanan as three waddling, tensely, fear to night winks old pigs snigger below his perch above the sales ring. A veteran auctioneer and full-time employee of the Agricultural Society, Buchanan shares the selling with his cousin Eldon Buchanan, a dairy farmer from nearby Backville. When not auctioning livestock, the pub is often in the countryside beyond Sussex raising sections of everything from farm properties to the distant commissions of entire households.

They like the job and do it with skill. Ora, for example, seems able to take in the whole assemblage at the livestock section with a single, discerning glance. "You get to know who's buying certain animals," he explains, "but you let your eyes roam the crowd to see who else is interested."

Frequently the buyers are representatives of packing plants, who come from nearby Fredericton, Moncton, Charlotteville, even Maine. "It's a good exchange of cattle," one admits. "If there's something you need, most of the time you find it." Elsewhere in the crowd of men in business suits, a few women and children, there may be farmers who have simply come to find out what a certain animal is selling for. "They may have a similar animal of home and want to get an idea of price," says Ora Buchanan. To which Eldon adds wryly: "And some come just for the social part of it."

Some come, too, because the spirit of the horse trader still roams through their veins. "I used to go school to buy and sell horses," recalls Gideon Anderson, 86, who, on this day, has just sold an Arabian saddle horse he bought on Grand Manan Island. As usual, though, Anderson will be going home with more than cash: earlier in the day he bought another horse which he plans to sell in Prince Edward Island. "I don't play sports," he says, "so this is sport to me." Another man, Lloyd Lewis, has driven 25 miles from Salisbury with some calves to sell. The price—80 cents a pound—is lower than he hoped for, but Lewis, shop foreman at a garage and a part-time farmer, still finds fattening calves for auction worth his time. "I've got a big family, seven kids, and it's like having money in the bank. It's there when you want it."

For men like those who work with—and presumably like—animals, there's still no escaping the fact that, finally, the animals are genuinely a disposable commodity. There's a little room for sentiment, as sellers around the livestock have about, perhaps are haunted by their own, frightened calves are pulled and prodded, in winter, for buyers set up shop outside in the parking lot and, buying from trappers, accumulate muskrat, fox and beaver pelts as well as morsels of whole rabbits frozen in grotesque shapes.

The aura tends toward the anachronistic. At the very least, it is distinctly old-fashioned. But, even in the age of far pretentious and growing vegetarianism, the livestock auction is a no-represent danger of disappearing. Like Ora Buchanan's nearly changeless part of the selling library, it rolls on and on. "Next, we've got a *Habermas cow due to freshen in three weeks. She weighs 1,200 pounds. Now how much are 2 bulls?*"

Portrait of a C.G.A.



Ray Kass, C.G.A., Director of Finance and Treasurer, Libby, McNeil and Libby, Chatham

Reporting directly to the President, Ray Kass has executive responsibility for tax planning and administration, government liaison, corporate financing, profit planning, budgeting and forecasting, and all cash management functions. Ray is chief financial officer of Libby, McNeil and Libby of Canada and a key man in their management team. He is both Director of Finance and Treasurer of this food processing firm. If holding both these major posts seems like a lot of work for one man, well it is, but with a staff of twenty-five to handle the day to day operations of the financial and treasury divisions, Ray sees his own main functions as supervising and motivating people and setting policies for sound financial management.

Ray Kass is a Certified General Accountant.



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Scots wha hae wi' Trudeau bled

We Scots have a saying: the world has two kinds of people in it. Those who are Scots and those who want to be Scots (cf. Ronald Wicks on *Troubled Waters*, March 17). In my opinion, Allan MacEachern is one of the latter.

MARGARET A. EDWARDS,
BURLINGTON, ONT.

The old ones are the best

In his article *You Only Die Twice* (March 17), Dr. James Pauson says that by getting people to retire at age 65 we are in effect telling our old to shut up, go away and if you don't, we will lock you up. What rubbish. He talks about people being forced to retire at 65 without any preparation. When I started my job in 1962 I knew then that I would have to retire at age 65. Should I work until I'm 85, I will only have had 43 years in which to prepare myself. Today we have about one million unemployed in Canada and automation is slowly eroding away many more jobs. Politicians talk with disgust about the high unemployment rate amongst young people, yet now they want to allow older, selfish people to keep working until they drop. There are many things for senior people to do if they want to fill their time and it is wrong to indicate to senior citizens that unless they are as a payroll squawks, they are making no contribution to society.

ANNE PICKERT,
EDMONTON



In his commendable article, Dr. James Pauson confirmed a remarkable fear I have: that we have reached an age where the consumption of as much information as is possible for the human mind is considered "banking knowledge." We no longer allow time for reflection. The aged have the wisdom that comes from experience and hindsight. They should be placed in a position where they could stop this running man, called contemporary society, who is lost and thus tends to run faster.

DELAN TUCKER, LONDON, ONT.

For whom the Bell tolls

In his article *For Alexander Graham Bell* (Mar. 3), Gary Dolan conveniently failed to mention why the cause was so striking. He also failed to mention that the same beregulating committee was prepared to recommend acceptance of the confidentialist's recommendation for settlement—but Bell Canada refused them. Rather than op-

ing for fancy titles, overeducation and union-busting, Dolan should tell the other side of the story, which is, in my opinion, that Bell Canada is an avaricious drive, that Bell Canada wants to lower wages and benefits and working conditions so that its profits will increase. To grant a rate increase to a company that refuses to treat its own employees decently is, I feel, absurd and an injustice to all the people of Ontario.

BOB C. MARTIN, FREDRICK,
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Love letters in the sand

Your article *All the News That's Fit to Read* (March 3) laddled interesting waters—but in my opinion stayed too close to the shoreline. The question of freedom of the press is not as simple as it seems. In the Western democracies today the press is free to criticize only, to my mind, sports figures, criminals and the most obvious acts of governments, all of which are straw men set up to camouflage the fundamental backdrop where real power acts—the corporate world. I also feel that the developing world is right to criticize the reporters we send there. Until they begin to question their own values and are encouraged to write with more sensitivity, our foreign reports will continue to be just embellished stories along the beach, never plunging into the dangerous and worthwhile.

GORDON GRABAM, TORONTO

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Profile: Al Waxman

The King is dead—long live the star

By Bill MacVie

On March 18, Larry King sold his popularity store in Toronto's Kensington Market, a rabbit warren of antique greets where ethnic stores buy everything from lobster to kohl-rins. His mother, Gladys, and stepfather, Jack Soble, were getting ready to shove off to a retirement condominium under the Florida sun when Larry himself, in a last-minute plot twist, finally let the bullet and announced that he would be marrying his longtime girl, Gwen. The storied well-wishers raised their glasses in a toast and sang *Auld Lang Syne*. Then ended the 11th and last episode of the CBC's five-year series *King of Kensington* called, appropriately, *Meat 'n' On*.

King, during its run, became one of the few Canadian-made continuing shows to grab and build a loyal, often-tasteless audience (The *Dreher* brothers and that North American *Macbeth*, *Front Page Challenge*, are the only oth-

ers that come to mind). Viewers fond with the King family as mother Gladys (Helene Winston) married boss Jack (Peter Dinklage), and as wife Cathy (Diana Berris) left to be supplanted by sweetieheart Gwen (Jayne Eastwood). Larry King, like Mary Richards of *The Mary Tyler Moore Show*, was less celebrity than neighbor, a more frequent visitor to the home than a brother-in-law. It was surely the sense of an ongoing, supportive community and family life, the feel of lower-middle-class good odds and good laughs, the all-beer-soviet Trudeau liberalism, that informed the show and kept the audience, certainly it was not the satiric-bottle jokes or cardboard canno acting. But mostly what kept people tuning in Sunday night after Sunday night, then Thursday after Thursday, was Larry King, a.k.a. Al Waxman.

No one has benefited from the show's

Waxman in *King of Kensington* (above) and, right, populist governor-general

popularity as much as actor-award-winning Waxman. Al, who has turned into something of an unofficial, populist governor-general, with duties ranging from opening shopping centres to, this year, serving as national campaign chairman for the Canadian Center Society. But, asked whether he's glad or regretful the series has been put in pasture, he unabashedly opts for "glad!"

It's a ratty "glad," because Waxman has a cold and his voice is going, forcing him to cancel a lecture he was scheduled to give at the University of Winnipeg, part of an extensive talk circuit he completes every year. Waxman is at his favorite table at his favorite restaurant near the CBC headquarters in Toronto, and a humorously befuddled cup of Scotch whisky seems to soothe his throat. "I know right from the very, very beginning that King was going to be a big success," he says. "And we had a lot of fun doing it. I think it had a lot to do with the fact that we were spreading good will." His reminiscences about the very first show, aired Sept. 8, 1976, when King sponsored an investigation to Canada's "stage" Pakistan (no more offensive than the exaggerated angle, stage Sotomayor and stage Jerni who peopled the show) and muses on how it fared: "a sort of bookends" with the last, when King sells his variety store to a young (stage) Italian couple starting out in the New World King, indeed, was a veritable *Archie Bunker* in reverse, espousing grant concepts like bilingual-



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Uralt means very old in German.

ism and multiculturalism in the late '70s, when the gifting was peeling off the Liberal life, and he was an antagonist (all the racial and ethnic creeds, carefully deigned, were usually put into the mouths of the supporting cast). The King character became so much a part of the public perception of Waxman that he became a cross-country feature at Canada's big festivals.

But it was Waxman himself who wanted to drop the series, and he drove a firm wedge between himself and the King. "You know, I was involved in community life when I was just plain Al Waxman, and my extraordinary involvement has not been as a fictional character. My mind is to me, not to Larry King. Right now, I've considered two or three pilots from the States, and I've said no to all of them because it makes no sense to do more of the same—even at double the price."

It's time to order, and he's undecisive. "You had the real with bases and seasons last time, Mr. Waxman," a writer anthology points out. Waxman opts for the multiple narrative course. "Same," he goes on, perhaps thinking that he's coming close to nipping at the band that has fed him, "there's a lot of Larry King in Al Waxman. But"—referring to the nearly lost sympathy that heater he recently played in an episode of the *For the Honor* series—"there's a lot of Franklin D. Roosevelt in him, too. They both come from the same place, and he gets the funny that, in the five years of the sitcom, grew into almost as much of an institution as Larry King."

"The biggest sadness in my life," he says, "is not that *King of Kensington* has ended—far from it—but that I could never sing." Waxman wanted to be a crooner ever since he saw Larry Parks in *Star 80 John Henry*. That planted a seed that was ultimately to lead him to show business, and to subvert his Jewish family's cherished dream of his becoming one of the professors. The led who actually spent seven childhood years in Toronto's Kensington district did manage to complete a year at the University of Toronto's Faculty of Law, but shreds it off by saying, "I managed to get a screenplay out of what I learned in my favorite course there, too."

Instead, he hired himself off to that young artists' caucus, Greenwich Village, and studied at Lee Strasberg's studio, while supporting himself with a roster of odd jobs, most notably working as a houseman. "You know," he recalls, "I never had an attention in the six months I worked as a houseman, and I think it was my actor's training that saved me. I knew the best ways to communicate with people."

From there it was a long, long haul as he made stock roles in *Chocolate Soldier*

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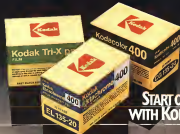
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and *Pinco's Absence* at the Rogers Palladium Theatre, secondary roles in Hollywood movies, spots in television shows in Britain, the U.S. and Canada, television commercials for Nabisco Shredded Wheat and Listerine, the whole grating career honors of the leading actor.

But, like a smart corporation, Al Waxman knew enough to diversify. He started to write, to direct (both features and commercials), and segued into having Sam able to direct any *King* episodes because they were live-to-tape and to produce. He was doing so much he often forgot what he was doing, but reflects that "Al Waxman's head is big enough that he can wear a lot of hats. But that head is finally screwed on

right enough that he chooses to wear the right hat at the right time."

But the headgear that brought it all together was Larry King's crown. Now he's drafted that one, and the dedicated Waxman is moving on to other things. To be released later this year are first movies (*Fast, Cheap, Dirty*, *Double Negative*, *Atlantic City*, *U.S.A.* and *Palmer*). He's agreed to host more episodes of a cric sitcom show ("a lot of fun, and they're quick to do"). He crossroads the country on lounge tours and chauffeur work. And of course he's turning down those U.S. sitcom offers ("my New York agent hung up on me when I told her"). And watching that famous warhorse

His wife, Sara, is the cork in the firm-



Waxman with field in 'King' (above), in *The Wages of Fear* (below) as no one's



dy. "If I ate only her cooking, I'd have no problem with my weight," he says, feeding off waders who want to find a smelly of luxurious decor on him, finally sitting for fresh chocolate-dipped strawberries—but occasionally he entertains with his specialty, Kensington Caramel. "It's basically a rice pake," he explains, "but into it you stir a piece of every kind of nutmeg hanging in every window in the market, and live up every vegetable as every stand. When I make it, people line up for it." He didn't have time to make it after the very last episode of the very last *King*, for the on-the-set party that continued after the final farewell, as the ensemble of actors, staff, crew and yet more well-wishers crowded around to share some memories and stuff back some tears for the end of the series (except, of course, for the revival, with which he deals as if he's getting 1996, and for the increasingly popular U.S. syndication). But Waxman has no regrets, he's moving on, too. The King is dead, long live Al Waxman. ☺

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photography by David

By John Hely

As the chief of the defense staff considered, there are probably better places being built. But Admiral Robert Wells was eager to defend the P-18A as Canada's choice for Canada's new fighter. "It can do the job and it can do it well." He had a right to sound relieved. The government took three years to find a jet to replace the venerable fleet of F4Us, Mustangs and CR-45s, but it finally endorsed the military's own choice. The P-18A rides the reassuring thrust of two engines, is

barly enough to take later alterations and boasts the rugged, lustrous gear drawn from its first design as a carrier-based fighter for the US Navy—wanting it to touch down anywhere from northern strips to the German autobahn. Likely cost for 337 planes with all the extras: \$4 billion plus by the last delivery at the end of the decade. But its

The winner and the loser — P-18A (top) and P-16 replacements for a tomahawk fleet

maker, McDonnell Douglas, had to overcome a scrappy but intense lobbying assault by competitor General Dynamics and its one-engine F-16 (see box). With phase specs now up and running, the two builders could only bid with minimalist offset packages. After a final all-night negotiating session, officials judged McDonnell Douglas the winner.





Bidding it up on Parliament Hill

It was, some say, the most blatant commercial pitch ever made to a parliamentary caucus. Last week a group of American executives—top brass from the two large multinationals bidding for Canada's lucrative light-aircraft contract—lined up as Parliament Hill law paving contractors at city hall, in a million-dollar battle to win the Liberal Quebec caucus. Tanned and bearded, wearing beige trench coats and armed with charts and loud southern accents, businessmen from both companies tried to persuade Quebecers that their company offered greater industrial benefits to Quebec—and concrete evidence of the joys of federation. This slick lobbying—including an astonishing last-minute juggling of millions and millions of dollars in both countries' books—was prompted by the recent attempt by some Montreal-area firms to get support for the second contender the General Dynamics F-16 on the grounds that it offered more to Quebec industry. For years, the usual winners that surrounded Quebec's caucus were broken-down cars and trucks. But now the Quebec press was suddenly full of the F-16 F-15A controversy. But support for the F-16 collapsed in a series of last-minute votes when the caucus got secret government agents showing the industrial benefits to Quebec are actually greater (\$1.57 billion) with the McDonnell Douglas F-15A than with General Dynamics' F-16 (\$1.47 billion)—notwithstanding the companies' claims, and full-page ads in Quebec newspapers. South-western Montreal's Sir John Watson remains skeptical of the government's figures, but even he admits the pro-helped Quebec industry—even if the wrong plane was chosen. "Now McDonnell Douglas is



Malpert, better millican for pensioners?

offering 40 per cent of its Canadian work to Quebec; instead of the 15 per cent a low multiple, say. He says. Besides that, the Ontario caucus of the Liberal party appears ready to concede aerospace superiority to Quebec in return for continued domination of the auto-manufacturing industry, and even the Québécois initial reaction to the choice of the F-15A has been muted. It seems unlikely that the fighter plane will become a status-quo item.

But did anyone in the Quebec caucus—or on Parliament Hill—for that matter—suggest that Canada may not need fighter planes at all at least not now? Apparently only one. Mr. Maurice, back-brother-in-law Claude Malpert—had the audacity to suggest the money would be better spent on old-age pensions. Said one caucus colleague: "even if the wrong plane was chosen." Now McDonnell Douglas is



Minister Clark, L'Amour and Gray buy a plane designed to deter Soviet Gen-3 anti-aircraft missiles. It also chases bombers

with a promise of \$2.5 billion in business through to Canada by 1990. Patti says the F-15A emerged as the best compromise with the government's stringent spending limit—a fighter to meet "the declining bomber threat" to North America, dogfight with the Western Pact in Europe and support NATO ground forces along Germany's central front. Even if such a person exists, it doesn't take an aerospace general to wonder whether a defense policy so skewed is anything more than an accident of history dressed up to impress our friends.

For all the flap over the new plane, the defense department has avoided any wide-open policy review which might raise public doubts about the need for this or any other fighter. Though there has not been a thorough review since the white paper *Defense in the 90s* came out in 1971, neither politics nor brain trust a new one is due. They argue that the only real military threat to Canada is a nuclear war between the Soviet Union and the United States. It

Canadians in Norway chased up for friends



If the larder is bare, go shopping

The F-15A, New Fighter Aircraft program—although the largest capital contract in Canadian history—was the only vote in the five for Canada's structure and equipment-spaces forces. These other programs are planned in progress or already completed.

Austria. Eighteen of these Lockheed C-140 long-range patrol aircraft have been bought to replace the decrepit Argosy squadrons at Greenwood, Nova Scotia, and Comox, B.C. They were contracted for in July 1978 and cost \$1.2 billion. The first arrived in May and the 18th next year.

Canadian Patrol Frigate 1990. Canada's second frigates are also being recognized by the Royal Navy in their amount hull, but a project to phase in new sub-hunting frigates started in 1988 has reached the contract definition stage with five major contractors having oil design and construction. They will replace the existing 38 Laurent-class frigates. Other destroyers and frigates will be modernized. The first program is budgeted at \$3 billion. Delivery of the last by 1996 appears optimistic.

Main Battle Tanks. In July 1979, Germany completed delivery of 120 Leopard C1 main battle tanks. They have "topcon"

armor which helps double the kind of ground-to-ground missile damage that cost less in heavy during the 1970s with a relative weight of about \$1.5 million each.

Armored Vehicles General Purpose. For these more minor domestic lifts, what new battle tanks would be preferable—not to mention the issues of the light-armor right there more comfortable knowing that Canada's 441 new armored cars (Cougars, Grizzlies and Huskies) are on the job. These are the police's front-line tanks, armored personnel carriers and other light armor, and the local government can't handle. For the \$171 million committed in February, 1977, these light, light-armored, medium-weighted tanks are also used in peacekeeping roles abroad and in national emergencies other than civil power crises.

Boats. Several lots of frigates will be spent this decade to upgrade Canada's East and West coast naval bases at Halifax and Esquimaux. B.C. Naval ship officers say that the includes refurbishing of Esquimaux's old, apart and the vulnerable single-officer quarters. East Coast naval officers live in relative luxury. Theirs were released in the 70s.

In a word case scenario, when officers of Paul Hellyer sail elsewhere in some quarters when manpower is at rock bottom and when the equipment is a shoddy lot, the new frigates may be a significant contributor to relative luxury. But Canada's small force professional and respected as it is, is a limited ship in NATO's bucket—let alone the world's.

Carl Elder Law

Armed and (new) Leopard tank drops



success could be done to affect the global military balance.

What Canada can and does influence, though, are relations within the 15-nation NATO alliance. Says one German League leader for the multinational brigade in Europe, Canada struck four into Soviet hearts, but it pleased the Germans and was meant to help Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau cobble better personal and political relations with Europe. Startlings for the days of President Kennedy, Trudeau should not obscure the truth that alliance politics have always dominated Canadian attitudes toward the Atlantic alliance. It is rarely published fourth volume of *Is Defense of Canada*, historian James Eayrs stresses Ottawa's concerns both to commit American power to Europe's defense after the Second World War and to hobble what seemed dangerously belittling tendencies in Washington to challenge Stalin. At the start of Canada's honeymoon for NATO was the fear of being stuck alone with Washington in North America's defense while Europe stood apart, and so went the line among Canadian diplomats at the time: "Less chance of rage with US in the bed" was set up in 1949, the North American Air Defense Command (NADAC) in April 1957.

If the public bonds of alliance set the heart of Canadian defense policy, and the iron logic of military force, then there is far more space for changing defense policy than the silence on the Rideau implies. George Ignatieff, a former ambassador to NATO, argues for a new policy pivoting in the Arctic and including NATO-Soviet disarmament, of the polar region (see page 6). A similar proposal has been put by Nils Brekke, head of the Centre for International Relations at Queen's University, though Brekke says Canada should keep focus in Germany while halting the existing commitment to it. In Norway's case, in time of trouble, Brekke says when the Arctic also claims supporters within the external affairs department, the problem would be to persuade the Americans, who view the North as a possible front that must remain open. Privately, diplomats more interested in security than arms races favor transforming Canada's focus into independently defensive units—setting off the tanks and fighters now based in Germany.

As for the new fighters just ordered, glossies say between 36 and 34 will be based in Germany and 26 more committed to the northern flank of Europe but based at Cold Lake, Alberta, and Bagbyville, Quebec. The rest will patrol Canadian airspace. And if the long delay is the decision to buy them reflects our lack of money, at least they will make for dandy air shows.

Anatomy of a comeback

By Ian Anderson

On that grey late-morning day there were no bells being rung that Pierre Trudeau would ever again sit at the prime minister's bench in the Commons. He had resigned, under some duress from his party's executive to make up his mind whether he wanted to be an actual Opposition leader before they could a spring conversion. While he had wanted to fight in the Quebec referendum, and wanted the conversion held off to the fall, if only that Trudeau would not surrender himself to a conversion's removal of his leadership. He quit instead on Nov. 21. Twenty-one weeks later he would be sitting on the prime minister's bench listening to the three speech opening the 22nd session of Parliament.

Ready this would be the same men who 21 weeks earlier had seen their fortunes fall and the window shut. Trudeau, Mary Lalonde and Allan MacEachen. And he would run the nation's affairs in consultation with the same men who 21 weeks earlier were being asked to end the party's existence. Jim Cowie, Keith Dewar and Al Graham.

How did the Liberals ever do it? MacEachen has recently turned up many fascinating and previously missing pages of what will go into the record books as one of the most surprising comebacks in Canadian politics.

Allan MacEachen had taken Trudeau's resignation hard. He was astonished Trudeau could be again. He thought the movement was building in the House against the infant government of Clark. In a Nov. 19 election, the Tories had lost Prime Albert, the old Progressive Party. Then, among members, Conservative House leader Walter Baker had been embarrassed into postponing a vote on the mortgage tax credit bill, a keystone of Clark's election platform. To Mac-



Trudeau (right), Lalonde (left) and, in happier days, Trudeau with MacEachen (below) some people in Toronto thought that the rest of the world had come



Baker that meant Baker was not in control of events, he was vulnerable. Most Liberals were actually based in Opposition. And on Dec. 4, the Gallup poll showed the Liberals with a 10-point lead over the Tories.

Into this conference of events John Cowie brought down his budget on the night of Tuesday, Dec. 11. He was barely halfway through reading it before MacEachen was leaning over to Trudeau, his bench mate, and saying the Liberals simply could not support such a regressive measure as the 18-cent hike in the gasoline excise tax. Trudeau was monumental, but late that night in Bellevue, Lalonde, made a unique appearance at the Liberal finance committee. The group decided to recommend that caucus oppose the budget and support an NDP motion that would in effect be a vote of no confidence in the government. At the end Lalonde surprised everyone when he was asked about two Liberals recuperating in hospital: "We'll get them out even if we have to use ambulances," he replied. The ship was an anchor.

It was a decisive Liberal event that met Wednesday morning to hear MacEachen say they had to oppose the budget if they ever hoped for credibility as an Opposition. It all seemed simple to the caucus. There was no talk of an election. The members left the meeting with different ideas of what might happen in the unlikely event the government fell. Trudeau would lead them, or there would be a mid-campaign conversion, or caucus would select a temporary leader. But most surely believed the Tories would never let themselves get caught without support from the five Social Credit members who gave them a vote-edge.

MacEachen told me later that late that night the major factor in the defeat of the Tories was that "some MPs in the caucus meeting really didn't think through the implications of who was going to lead the party." For MacEachen it was obvious. Trudeau. But at the caucus meeting it was not who he brought the matter up. "It seems to me there are some things so obvious they need not be articulated," he says now.

By Wednesday, everyone knew the Tories were short two and probably three members. The Creditifiles knew that better than anyone. They feared an election, but the rural party could not support the excise tax and dream of surviving. Its leader, Fadden, Roy, announced Wednesday that he would recommend his members "abandon very strongly" unless Cowie doubled the energy tax credit. There was only one other politician in the press room, MacEachen. He could not suppress a broad smile.

The next morning the Liberal party

executive is waking up to what is happening. President Al Graham, back down in Cape Breton home, is furious he had not been consulted on the decision to support the NDP motion. He is mollified by his friend, mentor and fellow islander, Allan MacEachen. Some senior party officials try to stop the juggernaut, but their pleas are not heeded. "We all put our necks and necks in here," says a senior Liberal. Says another: "Everyone thought it was a lame-duck thing we had done. Some people from Toronto thought the end of the world had come—but that we wouldn't be able to field a full slate of candidates."

In Toronto, leadership potentials



Trudeau, MacEachen (right) and Cowie in Opposition, waiting in heaven

Donald Macdonald and John Turner are getting calls through the day from caucus supporters. Neither man is counselling his people to drop the vote.

At 3 that afternoon, Walter Baker says he will not read the budget vote. MacEachen and Tom LeFebvre, Opposition whip, are both stunned. "No one will ever know if that vote had been put off until the following Monday how people might have reacted after they had gone into their rooms," MacEachen said later. "There's an atmosphere that you have to watch in the House. It is more atmosphere that controls it than it is man."

Most Liberals enter the House that evening expecting a deal to be struck with Kay. Most Tories seem to believe the leadership Liberals would back down. They don't. At 10:23 the government falls by a vote of 139 to 133. Trudeau seems composed, but one adviser, summoned later to his office, finds him extremely agitated. "I'm not going to do it," he says. "I'm not going to do it."

He talks of how the party could have a convention, but he is ruminating on it as he has not thought the idea through. Trudeau is little changed the next

morning when Cowie, Lalonde, MacEachen and Dewar visit him at home. He indicates his heart is not with the party, that he still wants to move to Montreal with his children. MacEachen is dismayed. "I really don't understand it," MacEachen says on the drive back. "He sees his duty. He knows his duty."

Later MacEachen tells an interviewer: "I tried to see that when we defeated the government that there was in that act an implicit number of commitments. One was that when Mr. Trudeau led the party in the downfall of the government he had an obligation and a duty to lead us into the election. I don't think he was unaware of what he was doing."



MacEachen felt that some line to the Liberals existed at this (Friday) 11th morning's regional caucus, support for Trudeau had been solid. Ontario was split down the middle. The West wanted a convention. Quebec and the Atlantic provinces backed Trudeau. In a brief appearance, Trudeau asked the caucus to hold a secret ballot. These closest to him—MacEachen, Lalonde, Dewar—spent the afternoon arguing against that. It would have been a tactical mistake. There would not have been consistency. Further, it would have given the party another, meeting the next day, the caucus it needed to have the tally kept secret in order that it could make the final decision on whether Trudeau would be asked to stay on. These core Trudeau people also argued against holding a convention, saying it was too great a risk. They were backed by Graham, although he had conceded a scheme where five independent candidates would serve the country in a moving convention, with balloting in different cities and a final tally in Ottawa by late January.

In the hours past, MacEachen spoke of Trudeau as the party's greatest leader and tried to put things into perspective. "I believe the people who get

up and stood behind the leader had a leader," he summarized later. "There was no need to start calling Trudeau or Vancouver for one."

While the drift had been toward Trudeau, MacEachen made the current irresistible. "He was saying in a sense to us that we were not so stupid as to bring down the government without a clear idea of what we were going to do afterward," recalled an Ontario MP. "Of course, we were—and we did. But no one was going to admit it."

MacEachen conveyed the secession support for Trudeau to the national executive the next day. He had been treated by Graham, although normally such a function should be performed by the crown electors, Jacques Giffault. Aside from Graham, it seems unlikely that any of the executive knew then the extent of MacEachen's involvement in the week's events. While he took some risk, MacEachen earned the day. It was inevitable. The executive could not buck the caucus decision. Secret attention was paid to the travelling connection scheme.

Trudeau debated his future over the next two days before making up his mind on Monday evening to lead the party. Even before his announcement the next morning, the Trudeau campaign headquarters had been rented in his Montreal riding.

The eleven went as MacEachen, Graham, Gault and Dwyer had thought. The West was a lost cause, but Quebec and the Atlantic provinces supported the Liberals. Out of fear for losing Western power on one side and Quebec negotiation on the other, Ontario voted for the case it believed was the best prospect of strong central government. MacEachen and Lalonde got the two most secure cabinet posts, the ones each had made known they wanted. Finance and Energy. Courts in back as principal secretary. Graham will remain as party president but will as doubt be replaced by a Trudeau loyalist. A move by some party activists to hold the convention this fall has been squashed in favor of a July date. The bloom will still be on the election rose by then, and there will be no time for any dissident elements to organize any genuine challenge to the power of Trudeau's staff.

An eloquent reminder of Trudeau's connection came when the new caucus met two weeks ago. Trudeau warned any potential leadership candidates that he would tolerate no politicking until he announced his retirement. He reminded anyone he could help or hinder any leadership candidate immeasurably. No one disagreed with the assertion and as we tracked how preposterous it all would have seemed 11 weeks before. ☐

NON



Quebec

Goin' down the referendum road



Canada's Ryan-Fox couldn't wait. Sunday, before Premier René Lévesque's expected announcement this week of the referendum date, "non" leader Ryan had cluttered an Air Canada 767-400 and was off to a federalist's Denker Québec—the geographically and politically eccentric city of Châteauguay, whose culture is based on English word and support for independence in high. Ryan was charging the money head-on. Little else was as clear, as the referendum campaign began in earnest, apart from Lévesque's understandable reluctance to imitate Ryan's choice of airline, whose name and maple leaf emblem would hardly fit his secessionist campaign. His Reengagement national party in Ontario (there's no official English version of the "yes" constitution's name) was suggesting for use of a blue-trimmed Quebecair jet, its tail name appropriately emblazoned with a Q. François Jetté of the rival jets will be ridden by U.S. and European television crews which will make a world event of a referendum devoid of legal or constitutional force and whose political weight will remain mysterious until well after the results are known.

Quebec's 1978 Referendum Act says "the government may order that the



Christian (left) with Ryan-Fox and Lévesque (above) happily the two-actress world of Ottawa initiative

electors be consulted by referendum," but nowhere does the law oblige the government to obey the wish of the people. Ryan says that the referendum will be a waste of time if he was expected provincial elections next fall. He will ignore the referendum results and negotiate his brand of renewed federalism which envisions a looser central government and pushed-up provincial powers. But if Ryan's side loses the referendum, his chances of becoming premier will be reduced and an immeasurable psychological impact will be gained by the independence movement.

Mechanically, the referendum is well after an election. In fact, the enumeration, voting and ballot counting will be conducted according to a slightly

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modified election procedure. The critical difference is that while any member of parties or individuals may contest elections, under Quebec referendum law, only the official "yes" and "no" committees may spend substantial sums promoting their sides. For federalists the law has had the advantageous effect of supplanting a measure of solidarity upon their disaffected ranks and forcing them to accept the leadership of one person, Ryan. But it also frustrates groups uncomfortable with Ryan's stern leadership and his radical dogma for a new Canada.



The blossoming of the Yvettes

"N... I'm not going in," said Claude Yvette. "I just came to drop off my wife."

Outraged by their beaming husbands one night last week, Yvette seceded and hugged his wife through some of the 54,000 women cheering outside for Jean-François when they were about to leave her referendum campaign from its fabled skull inside the Fyres burned. Women sang songs to him as Canadiane walked behind the stage—hugally set up over a podium in the Grande Halle, the former Federal Hall and Wallace Memorial Mosque. Began clutched Madonna's Ryan's arm. "I've never seen anything like it," said Yvette. "Las Vegas made a grave political error."

Those weeks earlier Yvette, the Parti Québécois minister responsible for the Bellevue condition, had authorized women to join the "no" forces by saying those who didn't would be responsible with the anti-federalists for blocking Quebec's progress. Claude Yvette would have us all be

Yvette cheering ecology at the Forum while the Jovins of Dick and Jane

Ryan's insistence that the referendum be a family affair means concerned non-Quebeckers will be effectively excluded from the campaign. Friday, organizers of a "People-to-people politics for Canadian unity" learned just how hard it is to deliver their message to Quebecers after spending two years collecting 800,000 signatures from

Canadians in every province, they rushed to last referendum controls and deposited the petition—in 30 cartons—in the downtown plaza of Place Ville Marie. Instead of aggressive Quebecers, the event drew Montreal's belated club-toting riot police and two federal Communist contingents—was federalist, the other separatist—which barely kept their own demonstrators from to crash the central mobilities of the army group's live-on-combo. It was the threat of combat between the Communist claque that attracted the riot squad, contributing to the scene's

Robert, the Liberal organizer who relished the Yvettes. How can the women be contributors when the state's interest to save her body?

Twenty women including Commons Speaker Adrienne Seale and Claude Ryan's mother, the same, spoke during the five-hour meeting. But Madame Ryan, who had been singled out for special rebuke by Yvette, gave the best performance, short, witty and to the point, she far outdid her husband's usually lengthy comments.

A score speakers would have preceded Yvette. But Claude administrator Louise Robitault begged her listeners not to leave their daughters just a capsule—others would have moved over the most she still had to discuss. At 60-year-old Jeanne Thibault, Gagnon struggled to the floor when cheered. André, Thibault's son, in recognition of Gagnon's 20-year leadership which was named the right to vote federally in 1979 and provincially in Quebec in 1980.

It is not what was said but nearly so important as who was there. Among the women were many who had never before attended any sort of political demonstration. Las Yvettes applauded their former confederate organizers. They came to support their wife for the race and their desire now to keep the federalist line from turning. **Ann Zelner**

outlandishness and undermining the poignancy of the petition's message. Sent Anne Pell of Oakville, Ontario. "We've been a part of respect and friendship in Quebec."

Happily, federalists outside Quebec still waited last week for some Ottawa initiative, beyond pamphlet mailing, that could help their cause. True, the federal government did announce Wednesday that it would go ahead with a huge federal office complex in downtown Montreal, but that project has been undertaken and then shelved so often that Westerners greeted the move with greater cynicism than gratitude. Much more important was Ottawa's choice of the P-18 fighter whose economic benefits, Lavoie says, surpassed Friday, "are concrete in Quebec and still hypothetical in Quebec." French-Canadian members of the federal Liberal caucus were convinced to the contrary (see box, page 21).

While the Quebec caucus raised a fuss in favor of the civil P-18, drawing referendum voters' attention to the issue, Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau prepared to shake off the more promising referendum preparations in the capital. Trudeau was to use the Commons this week as his referendum platform, leaving the direct fighting to Justice Minister Jean Chrétien, the only federal minister on the honor roll of Ryan's Committee for Quebecers Voting No. This roll of 300 names published Tuesday also includes cookbook author Madame Jeanne Benoit, former chief of defense staff General Jean V. Allard, two dozen actors and singers and a band of banjo-players such as Bell Canada Chairman Jean de Grandpré and Credit Foncier President Robert Gosselin. Ryan's lengthy list of illustrious names and his decision to raise membership cards were obvious exhortations of "yes"-side strategy. "No" forces are still poorly equipped despite the surprising emergence of the Yvette movement (see box). Ironically, the destruction of a "yes" convention buffet proposed by a hotel kitchen last week was a new figure of a membered, singing Madonna. It was a living symbol for an organization that consumed dozens of years' worth of what turned out to be a closed-door meeting, suffered the ignominy of hearing a member of its honor roll, after Paul Bérubé, publicly gave its affiliation and then later to its leader's name reminiscent that "that whole system is a nightmare in a manner." But this campaign will be over well before summer and, unless Ryan's performance improves markedly, Trudeau could be tempted into some dramatic, seventh-hour coup de main which would lead to a province with a proven history of pitting federal and provincial politicians against each other. **David Thomas**

Nova Scotia

Keeping an eye on the scallops

When the U.S. goes to foreign relations committee this week, many Nova Scotians will be casting a nervous eye in the direction of Washington. The reason is scallops—their, the most valuable catch (\$75 million last year). Whether they remain so depends largely on the scallop harvest. Almost all the province's scallops



Scallop fishermen (above) and their catch (left) are an industry on the edge



a powerful member of the foreign relations committee.

The still-disputed boundary gives American boats an automatic advantage. They can fish to the limit of the U.S. claim, giving them access to the whole bank, Canadians can do the same on their side, but Ottawa's claim covers only one-third of the bank. The decline in scallop stocks, partly the result of a natural cycle, puts a further dent in the fishermen's prospects for a good trip.

But what really puts the Nova Scotians—and some federal officials—in that, while Canada restricts its scallop fleet to 75 vessels and puts limits on how many scallops the boats can take each trip, the U.S. has failed to do so, despite earlier promises to hold the line on its fishing effort and set up its own management scheme. The New Bedford, Massachusetts, scallop fleet has almost doubled in the past two years and U.S. boats from as far away as the Gulf of Mexico have been fishing Georgia Bay.

"We have made our views known pretty strongly in Washington," says one federal official. "If the hearings fail to produce a clear indication that the treaty will be renewed, 'the government will have to make some decisions on how to go on. It's unacceptable that we can go on this way much longer.'"

But the federal official adds that the treaty will be renewed, "the government will have to make some decisions on how to go on. It's unacceptable that we can go on this way much longer."

Bruce Little

Bruce Little

By David Kane

Fewer still rule Kabal, the Afghan capital, nearly two months after its capture, even as open rebellion against the Soviet occupation forces has broken out in other parts of the country. There was a better and wiser population that I encountered when I was in the city earlier this month, posing as a tourist. To be sure, the Kabal I saw is quiet. But it is the something, time-honored quiet of a city under foreign occupation. The Soviet armed forces have now largely removed themselves to barracks and other behind-the-scenes positions. But there can be no doubt in anyone's mind that Moscow's military might is the real power.

Tanks and armored personnel carriers, for instance, guard all major intersections and public buildings. Soviet-piloted helicopter gunships—the dreaded “ying tanks” that have claimed so many lives both in the capital and in the provinces—swoop over the city almost hourly, reminding everyone that resistance will be dealt with swiftly and without mercy.

It is not always easy to gauge public opinion, for the elites are not exactly forthcoming with their political views these days, especially to strangers. But despite the efficiency of the secret police, I soon discovered the key that

tional response to Moscow's take-over seems ineffectual. Humanitarian considerations aside, some people make a point of insisting it is in other countries' own interests to help Afghanistan.

For many people, however, global considerations don't figure high in the scheme of things. Their hatred of the Kremlin's role is personal: a hatred born of friends and loved ones killed or sent to the infamous Gulag-Chechnya prison, a hatred born of the legendary Afghan love of independence, and a hatred born of those catastrophic disruptions in life that foreign invasions invariably bring.

A torpid merchant on Kabul's Chakka Street—a centre of trade with foreign importers—complained, for instance, that the Soviet invasion had crippled him. "You are the only American I have seen in two months," he said. "Business now is finished, no one can come here anymore."

Another sign of the depth of public feeling against the Soviet-backed regime was shown, interestingly enough, as I was arrested temporarily at Kabul airport on my way out of the capital (officials confiscated most of my film—all they could find—in a body search before letting me go). Two airport workers took me aside and quietly asked whether political systems and jobs would

be found in the U.S. "I don't want to live like this Afghanistan is finished," whispered one.

It was as if they "don't want to lose anyone" or some other phrase to their effect. That was at first seemed like the words of a defeated, dispirited people were later shown to be reflections of the fact that Afghans feel they have nothing left to live for but to fight the invaders to the death. An example: several people recounted how, during last February's insurrection, prisoners would walk up to the machine-gun emplacements and dare the Afghan guards to shoot them. "When one man would fall, another would take his place," recalled a participant. "They did this until the soldiers became so ashamed they ran away."

To be sure, not all oppose the Soviet presence. On my first night in Kabul, I took a room at the Darwaz Hotel—not knowing it was a popular night spot for pro-government poets, or Parchamites. By the time I realized this, the evening party was nearly in effect, so changing hotels had to wait. While assorted prostitutes, Parcham militants (some of them packing pistols) and even a few Russians mingled in the bar, I struck up

a conversation with two rather intimated youths. One, an engineering student, claimed that there were many new job opportunities under the Soviet-backed regime of Babrak Karmal. Incredibly (and perhaps in jest) he said the reason was "because so many have died Babrak!"

The next morning, I moved to the Plaza Hotel, some of some of the bitterest fighting in February. The meeting also defended the Karmal administration, though he hoped the Soviets would soon leave. "Soviet (former-president) Hassanali Amiri was overthrown, we have more freedom," he insisted. "I tell you honestly, you can go outside right now and tell any policeman that you hate the government. He will not do a thing." As he spoke, I looked over his shoulder at a Soviet tank not 50 yards from the hotel's front entrance and decided not to bet the theorem in the law.

Indeed, Kabul is a study in contradiction—between the pervasive official line and the reality which so effectively refutes it. Soviet tanks cruise the streets exhorting the masses to "defend the gains of the revolution." Yet the famed rooftop protests—with hundreds shouting "Allahu Akbar" (God is great)—continue during the darkest



Soviet Mi-24 helicopter (top), Afghan rebels (left) and a Soviet tank outside Kabul (right) in the death

selected many closed-mouth
"American natives."

"I'm an American," stated clearly and often, was usually enough to start a lively conversation, notwithstanding the occasional glances over the shoulder. It's not that Affixians love the United States; indeed, they distrust the motives of all big powers. Rather, "American status" shows that the stranger is not a Soviet agent. And once that fact has been established the floodgates open: "We hate the Russians, but what can we do?" launched one-on-one sermons in a restaurant over the mastery of planning. "Why doesn't the world help us?"

To many Afghans—whether they be guerrilla fighters in the countryside or residents of the cities—the Internet

What price a free press?

"You do not as guerrillas are you?" Of course not," I told the chief of the Afghan consulate in Pushawar. I handed him a fairly perfect business card, not requiring my adaptation into that of an expert of badness. That assembly is how one gets a visa to go to Kabul as the chief Soviet occupied city of Afghanistan. (You never sleep any longer, except those eye-glasses, from Eastern European countries, you have to do your reporting clandestinely. And in Kabul that is to say last

Photography won't be used to identify anyone caught with a camera by the Afghan or Soviet security forces is likely to spend a couple of days in jail—or at least as long as it takes them to get him on the road plane out of the country. One way to get around that ban is to take a room in a hotel along one of the main streets in the city in the way pictures can be taken in the flow of traffic and traffic in Kabul there

The choice of hotels is important! I wouldn't if a visitor has a valid entry visa. As I had, any Westerner checking into a major hotel like the Intercontinental immediately placed under house arrest until the next plane leaves. No phone calls, no visitors and no sending messages to friends.



Source: *U.S. Census Bureau, 1997*.

Some might think the loss of thought control I should point out though that, as a journalist, I have been to Chechnya, Syria, Afghanistan and China. Tunceli was and revolution do not surprise or necessarily scare me. But what I see in Kobani is different.

There is a hunger, it seems, and a refusal to acquiesce among the Soviet occupation forces. Their presence in this formerly sovereign nation—a nation that possesses no great natural resources—poses many questions for the world.

And if so, will the world fight to stand to see it for what it is?

To tell the truth, I was glad to get out of Kansas. **David Kline**

of the Kabul night, showing the double with which many regard the so-called resistance. The young ladies of a "people's government." Yet I saw the Soviet police arrest one man in the street. And who are all those tanks and gunships aimed at, if not the very people Karmal and his Soviet protectors claim to represent?

The government-aligned *Fringers' Day*, April 1, while crops and villages were reeled to the ground in international air attacks in the provinces. The March 31 issue of the English-language *Kabul News* features a wonderful example of Gromov's 20th doublethink—carries a snappy article about women's changing role in the "new society." Meanwhile, women and children are shot down as they flee from tank and air attacks on villages near Jalalabad, and there are reports of Soviet communist soldiers raping even 18-year-old girls.

Everybody's happy. Why is no one smiling?

How well popular opposition against the Soviets is integrated is open to question. A host of problems confronts the fledgling Afghan resistance: a relatively untrained leadership, lack of organization among the various rebel groups, questionable and uncoordinated military strategies, and an enormous lack of modern arms. Yet there are signs that some progress is being made in forging an insurgency capable of challenging the occupation forces.

A step toward creating a unified fighting force was taken, for instance, when five of the six major rebel groups issued in Peshawar across the border formed the Islamic Alliance for the Liberation of Afghanistan. The alliance has two main goals. But at best that is only a first step—the insurgent groups have yet to integrate their military and political commands or agree on common policy and tactics. And guerrilla operations against the Soviet occupation have been limited to small-scale attacks on Soviet leaders experienced in military, political or economic affairs.

Says Alliance president, Professor Sayraf: "Intellectuals, trained people, men with knowledge of organization, leaders who can coordinate the respect of our countrymen—all have been wiped out by the Russian puppets in Kabul over the years."

Indeed, Amnesty International reports that since the first of the present Afghan regime's take of power in April, 1978, human rights violations in Afghanistan have centered on these social groups. And Sayraf maintains that this repression was deliberately aimed at crippling potential resistance,



and that the killings have reached staggering proportions.

"We estimate that the number of executions is as high as to produce a statistical decline in our national literary life," declared the Alliance leader, a former professor of Islamic law at Kabul University and himself a self-proclaimed prisoner for six years. With current estimates showing that barely 10 per cent of Afghanistan's population of 27 million is literate, Sayraf would seem to be talking about exterminations in the range of 100,000 people or more. Though that is far more than the admittedly limited Amnesty International figures, he sticks to his claim. What this means for the guerrillas is that, "Essentially, we must start fresh in Kabul."

Another factor tending to limit their effectiveness is that, "At all accounts, the Alliance commands only about 30 per cent of all the mujahideen (Islamic guerrilla) new fighting in Afghanistan. The majority battle as under the independent leadership of tribal or religious elders. Every family, every village, has declared its own individual war," notes As-Sahabullah Ullah, a leader in Yousaf Khail's wing of the Hezb-i-Islami party and the son of resistance Afghan poet Gul Pusht Ullah. But while this situation certainly demonstrates the breadth of anti-Soviet feeling, all it achieves from a military standpoint are uncoordinated actions. There are indications, however, that

the Alliance is beginning to weld the disparate tribal and ethnic fighting groups under its command. In late March, for instance, a religious leader of several million minority Hazara Afghans came to Peshawar for talks with Alliance leaders. Shirk Ali Ghalib Khan claims to command a militia of nearly 60,000 men which has been

fighting independently for 12 months in three provinces. "We don't want to join just one of the political parties here, we want to be part of the whole Alliance," said the sheik. "This is the only way to liberate Afghanistan."

Undoubtedly, the sheik's strategy is common throughout the country, where many people have probably not yet even heard of the Alliance. To the *Soyuz* reprint: "The majority of Afghans will rally to our leadership only when we can fulfill their needs for the [what] holy war!"

Afghan militia bring a trophy of war (left) and a Soviet employment last December every job opportunities created in Kabul



There are signs, too, that the sector has broken between tribes as a shahid 80 months ago when I traveled for the first time behind rebel lines, it was not uncommon to hear a Pashtun tribesman deride the sincerity or fighting skill of a minority Hazara or Uzbek. Recently, however, one Pashtun leader cited the Afghan traditions of Pashtunwali (loyalty oaths), when mutual necessities are put aside so that all tribes can unite to expel the foreign invader.

The area where the rebels are most vulnerable, however, is in the acquisition of the sophisticated military equipment they need to deal with the Soviet Union's 80,000 occupation troops.

To a man, guerrilla leaders must not let outside government has provided military or economic assistance. And observations confirm that the basic weapons of the mujahideen remain the Lee-Enfield rifle, circa 1916, or a hand-made copy of the same. Perhaps 10 per cent of the fighters also have automatic weapons, usually captured Soviet Kalashnikovs. Against the most sophisticated Mi-6 helicopter gunship, the tank column, the MIG bombers and the lethal gas attacks (see box), which refugees and mujahideen also resist are taking place, the mujahideen have predicted no defense. "We never even think of the helicopter anymore," exclaims Jamal Alkhalil of Gulbuddin Hekmatyar's Hezb-i-Islami party, the one group based in Peshawar that has yet to join the Alliance. "It's just a waste of our expensive bullets."

It is clear that until the Afghan mujahideen acquire sophisticated weapons, either through capture or outside aid, they will at best only be able to harass the invaders and disrupt Moscow's efforts to consolidate the occupation, and even that will be a difficult task. A guerrilla's night letter, hysterically produced and distributed, assumes the only center in Kabul to official propaganda is about the "soldiers" of the insurgency. Most of the resistance groups based in Pakistan say they have members underground in Kabul, and the February result was evidence of a sort in support of this claim. But much difficult, dangerous and painful work will be needed before the underground can tackle the regime in its own backyard.

"We know there are mujahideen [Islamic guerrilla] here," a Kabul University student doubted. "But we don't know where to find them."

Yet without doubt they are there, waiting—for that exposed Soviet lack for the badly guarded armor or gas dump—and preparing for the struggle of the army patrolled in the mountains, for the mujahideen of the streets. And the population of Kabul, shivering under the yoke of the Soviet superpower, waits too. It waits like a bomb waits for its fuse to be lit. ☐



Karmal Moezmozahar gawar

Gas that gets on the nerves

Two of the best-planned aspects of the Afghan fighting are the political in the field and the Soviet Union is using nerve gas to push the guerrillas right out of their mountain hideouts—and indications that both the United States and 16 European allies are using the excuse to abandon their policy of non-interference in the area.

The reports from Afghanistan were given new credence last week only days after the Associated Press had quoted official U.S. spokesmen in Washington as routing their fury by no means a change from the U.S. Secretary of Defense. In an address to the Los Angeles World-News Council, he said there was mounting evidence that the Soviets were using an incapacitating gas and he called for increased standing by the U.S. on research and development of chemical weapons.

Now it did not indicate the nature of the evidence. But U.S. intelligence has pointed out in Pakistan has been hearing complaints from Afghan refugees since January U.S. officials say that descriptions of victims' symptoms—vomiting, loss of motor function and quick death—what is known about the nerve agent Sarin is all of the gases in the Soviet arsenal. In addition,

they say, studies have pointed Soviet Mi-6 vehicles used to develop nerve gas and tanks that have been exposed to poison gas in Afghanistan. The discovery prompts the question: why do the Soviets need chemical warfare equipment unless they are using poison gas? No one says anything about it.

However, some intelligence sources in Washington are quick to point out that, despite administration allegations—Deputy Secretary of State Warren Christopher was the one to point out that Afghanistan is "armed underground"—there is no reliable evidence. The U.S. has not been able to perform operations on anyone allegedly killed by the gas, nor has it been able to get laboratory samples. And the Soviet's supposedly deny the charges.

Moreover, there is some indication that the U.S. has been lying to itself for its own military and political purposes. In plant reports of Soviet involvement in chemical warfare, intelligence officials have, for example, researched since from February 1975, when hundreds of Hanoi and Hanoi prisoners at Laos were said to have been killed by a mysterious yellow rain, while restoring the Communist Party's Laotian forces. The implication was that the Soviets used Laos as a laboratory for testing mustard gas.

And last month the daily report of the U.S. Foreign Broadcast Information Ser-



Chemical warfare gear: vomiting and death

vice carried two months weekly quoted in the world's media that they had been an explosion in a Soviet Soviet plant where biological or germ weapons were made and that the Soviets had used these weapons against the Chinese. The manufacture of such germs is banned under a treaty signed by the Soviets, the U.S. and 85 other countries including Canada.

For at least five reasons it was most unusual for the U.S. government to release the yellow reports. First, they came from the Hamburg newspaper *Der Zeitung*, a sensationalist tabloid which would not nor-

mally rely (using by the U.S. government as a source. And second, the reports first appeared months before they were reviewed by the administration. A senior intelligence official later was quoted by the New York Times as saying that there was a major effort to use public opinion to sound Soviet activity in the area of chemical and biological warfare. By coincidence, Congress has before it a defense budget that calls for spending \$1.3 billion for a new generation of chemical warfare weapons.

Again here in recent weeks, General Bernard Rogers, NATO commander, has said the defense should begin producing chemical weapons to deter the Soviets, but says they are not likely to be used. Rogers' first statement, the British government published a formal defense white paper, introducing the idea of developing chemical weapons which could be used by NATO to deter or retaliate against Western Pact gas attacks in Europe. Britain is now one of the U.S. and NATO's chemical weapons members.

Both the U.S. and the Soviet Union claim they have some stocks of chemical weapons. Though the U.S. and Britain in recent years have voluntarily refrained from producing them, the Soviet Union is not. The new gas, Tabun, Sarin, and Sarm. They are available abroad and lethal.

William Lowther



The bark with no bite

In the toughest language heard from the White House in months, President Jimmy Carter served notice to Iran last week that his government's patience in the five-month-old hostage crisis had run out. In a nationwide television broadcast, he announced sternly that the U.S. was breaking diplomatic ties and reopening an economic embargo. More ominously, he warned that "other actions"—military force—might become necessary if the hostages were not promptly released.

There was no pretense that the moves, which followed yet another check to attempts to resolve the crisis by quiet diplomacy (March 15, April 24), were anything more than symbolic. The U.S. had long ceased direct diplomatic contacts with Iran and trade between the two countries had fallen to negligible levels. But they did have a certain insult value which brought a predictable response in kind. When Ayatollah Ruhollah Khomeini took the break in relations as a "good omen," the students renewed last November's threat to kill the hostages if the U.S. resorted to force.

But in fact, Iran's rulers had a mere immediate problem on their plate. On Monday, their long-dormant spat with Iraq—the two countries have a territorial dispute and are vying for the role of Persian Gulf big shot—flared

into a border air and artillery battle. From there the tension escalated as Khomeini called on Shiite Muslims in Iran and Iraq (where they form the majority) to topple the Iraqi government and both sides ordered warships to the northern Persian Gulf waters. By week's end there was no sign of the tense shouting as the verbal and artillery dueling continued. It even spread to the U.S. embassy in Tehran where the students declared the Iraqi embassy a "U.S. puppet" and warned that their capsules would die if Iraq traveled.

Meanwhile, the Carter administration sought to put some bite into its bark. Secretary of State Cyrus Vance announced two dozen foreign ambassadors and urged them to take "parallel steps." Carter, too, remarked pointedly about "lies we ask for protection but are wary of the obligations of alliance." But only Norway, recalling its error, appeared to heed his words. There were supportive words from Canadian Ambassador Peter Toren and reports that Canada might break off diplomatic relations with Iran. But Japan bowed out and the EC nine got off the hook by instructing their ambassadors in Tehran merely to press for the release of the hostages.

Europe's reluctance to lose on Iran was shaped mainly, as West German Chancellor Helmut Schmidt hinted to

Iranian student pilot bids his girl goodbye as they board a French military aircraft. Ghossein's spokesman Chergif d'Alfonso: There was a certain insult value

an audience in Hamburg, Saturday, by the fear that to do so would further weaken the dominant position of President Abdullah Bani-Sadr, who is said to favor the hostages' quick release, while increasing the long-term chances of pushing Iran into the arms of the Soviet Union.

But if Europe was unmoved by Carter's bark—a leading French aide called it "an understandable but pointless outburst"—it was equally compressed by Iran's threat to cut oil supplies: oil imports of Iranian oil are down to 600,000 barrels a day. And countries which still use sizable amounts must surely make up for any shortfall by buying more North Sea oil.

And by week's end there were signs that the Iranian answer was, in fact, on the way up again. On Saturday, White House Press Secretary Jody Powell discreetly ruled out military action, while Bani-Sadr was rising, yet again, the possibility of the hostages' transfer to Moscow, which would permit the monitoring of their health and living conditions.

James Fleming
with correspondents' files

Promises in the rose garden

It was a story well told in a private Presidential dinner Carter and Israel held last night. The discussion revolved at the White House debating peace prospects while a liaison to the Israelis at the Navy Air was recovering from a terrorist attack which left a two-year-old child, two other Israelis and five Palestinian guerrillas dead.

The stark contrast between Washington's polite, rose-garden diplomacy and the bullet-riddled reality at the Israeli sanctuary underlined the fact that serious problems still exist between Israel and Egypt and, as the latest terrorist attack pointed out, between Israel and her other Arab neighbors. Following the attack last night, hundreds of troops and armored vehicles left Litanide, although Egyptian President Sadat said they would only be there temporarily.

Sadat was in Washington to get his views on getting the stalled Palestinian autonomy talks and other Camp David issues moving again. After 12 months of negotiations, there was almost little progress toward the July 28 date, set at Camp David for establishing ground rules on self-

Cuba

A spy in the ointment

A Cuba's Fidel Castro struggled to salvage some credit from last week's fiasco at the Peruvian embassy in Havana—where about 10,000 of his supporters crowded the compound after vying with their frequent Cuba's chronic unemployment problem—there were indications that he might be getting some help from an annual colleague: former Soviet master spy Kim Philby.

Intelligence sources in Washington say that Philby has been in Havana several times recently and may be giving Castro guidance on how to run his propaganda machine. If that is true, it may well have been Philby who was behind Castro's dismissal of his dissenting constituency as a "bunch of enemies of the people, anti-social, vagrants and thugs" whom Cuba would be glad to see leave.

Philby, longtime head of British counter-intelligence, fled to Moscow in 1951 after shifting his role as a Soviet agent. But he continued to keep up with old friends, among them novelist Graham Greene, himself a wartime mem-



Cuba's Castro crammed into embassy grounds (top) and (right) Philby anti-social

ber of British intelligence. And in a recent interview, Greene told the London Sunday Times: "I think they're keeping Kim pretty busy now. The last I heard, I had from him came from Havana."

It is probably no coincidence that, early this year, Radio Moscow began broadcasting in English on a frequency

of 600 kilohertz from Havana. The program was aimed at the United States, and intelligence officials there believe Philby, who once did a stint in Washington dealing with the CIA, may be a consultant.

Castro certainly has been in great need of public relations aid. Last December he gave a 45-page secret speech to the National People's Government Assembly in which he charged that the revolution, now 21 years old, is plagued



Sadat and Carter in the rose garden. But little of each authorized the problems

President Sadat and the not yet autonomous—full autonomy. Full autonomy. He said many things.

The shrewd but naive observers to sit but week's talks as an attempt to get concessions from the Israeli leader, who has vowed May 29 not to do much as a deal but a goal. There is strong Israeli opposition to the call for full autonomy for the Palestinians. Nevertheless, it is expected that after this week's talks the three major

negotiators—Sir Lord of the U.S. House of Representatives, Yasser Arafat and Pinar Mawla, Khalil of Egypt—will be instructed to proceed with altered talks on the autonomy question.

Other significant problems will exist, and are—Israeli settlements in occupied Arab territory—may not even be discussed by Arafat and Carter. Last week the Israeli cabinet limited the scope of the talks to those items specifically spelled out in the Camp David agreements. The settlement issue is not one of these. But they did not allow Sadat to avoid the issue of a continuing policy of establishing settlements in unoccupied Jerusalem and Gaza. They are far and without much fear of contradiction, "an initiative to further the peace and stability." Another key question that began may wish to know whether the 100,000 Arab residents of East Jerusalem will be allowed to vote in the Palestinian autonomy elections.

Some Middle East experts see the latest negotiating framework—leaving Arafat to progress. They suggest it is likely to be the Camp David style, a single negotiating text for both sides to discuss, waiting away the questions and searching for areas of mutual interest. But with such preliminary discussions, it may prove difficult to find the right words with which to begin.

Catherine Fox

with street crime, worker absences, high unemployment and symptoms of corruption. Cuba would be bankrupt if the Soviet Union did not give it \$5 billion in economic aid each year. And even that is hardly enough. Last month 35,000 workers were laid off when oil prices soared and after 50 per cent of the country's tobacco harvest failed because of disease. Rationing is stringent. Cubans get only 12 ounces of meat every 30 days and 1½ ounces of coffee a week, and such economic hardship has caused much crime.

For years Castro has argued with other Latin nations over the policy of

political asylum. Last week, in a fit of pique, he took his guards away from the front of the Peruvian embassy, a favorite refuge, and said that a handful of Cubans hiding inside were free to leave the country. The announcement had spectacular effects. Within two days, 18,000 Cubans had sought sanctuary

and were demanding the right to assimilate—a rare privilege.

By week's end most of the refugees were still there living in quarters, sleeping on the grass, in trees and even on the embassy roof as Peru (see box) and other Andean Pact nations tried to organize an airlift. **William Lowther**



Poverty in Lima, and the military, threaten to split up the Hugo with Molotov cocktails

Bombs before the ballots

Peru, the eventual home for at least 1,000 of the 10,000 Cubans crowded into the country's Havana embassy grounds last week, was itself in the throes of civil war. It lacked a legally sanctioned government. In May, increasingly the return to democracy after 12 years of military rule has been threatened by political violence carried out by some political parties. By means of brutal, at-a-distance (supplies of the right-wing Aprista Party [AP]—who have attacked government meetings, wounding everything from chairs to Molotov cocktails.

In one recent instance a sensational vote decline for the moderate Popular Action Party (PAP) was severely tainted when Molotov cocktails were thrown into a crowded meeting in northern Peru. Long an Aprista stronghold, elections are still the domain was a member of the PAP, said Fernando Beltrán Terry, its presidential candidate. While the PAP's presidential candidate, Armando Villanueva del Campo, has denied the accusations, the AP and two other parties have complained to the national electoral commission which, in turn, asked the ministry of the interior to investigate. The fear is that the violence will disrupt the ruling military to abort the transition to democracy—especially if it is disrupted with the election results.

There are considerable at present parties because the Peruvians—12 per cent of the electorate—will be permitted to vote for the first time in the country's history and party because 15 political parties and coalitions are participating. The alignments of Peruvians are so chaotic that no one credible candidate has the 30 per cent of the vote required and in that event the choice will be thrust upon the country's new congress.

The man at the head of the country's current president, General Francisco Morales Bermúdez, who lived the military style at government during the five years in power. But the PAP, a Latin Ameri-

can-style populist party which has grown from a fringe conservative in recent years, suffered a major setback when its president, Victor Paul Haya de la Torre, did not survive. Haya had directed the party's activities for 50 years, and Villanueva has not yet proved that he can comfortably wear his predecessor's mantle.

The AP, a leading left-wing political force, was president when the military seized power in 1965. Looked like a weary veteran as he leads the country. Trying to broaden his old supporters' but support for the party of the left has increased significantly since Morales Bermúdez assumed the presidency. When a congressional assembly was elected in 1979 to prepare for the return to civilian government, the left won 20 per cent of the seats. Since then, however, they have been unable to form a coherent electoral front and many pundits are expecting the knowledge of an unlikely coalition government.

That does not bode well for PAP, since even a government with a strong popular mandate would have a hard job handling the country's prolonged economic crisis. The International Monetary Fund (IMF) has helped guide the economic policies of the heavily indebted nation for the past three years and when the generalists rule from the political arena, it will continue to do so. But to date the IMF's austerity program—including currency devaluations, a tight lid on wages and frequent price increases for basic commodities—has not been well received by the Peruvians. Some unions have staged four successful general strikes in protest since mid-1977.

Then, during 1978, the country's balance of payments improved significantly and, as a result, the military government has been trying to convince the electorate that happy days are here again. But so far, the benefits have not trickled down to Peruvian workers whose real incomes dropped 7.7 per cent in 1979—after a 40 per cent drop since 1973. And since the beginning of the year a rash of strikes has affected everything from telephone to garbage services. Not only that but the rate of unemployment and underemployment continues to hover between 45 and 50 per cent. Underemployment is one of the official explanations for the plight of the thousands who crowd the streets of Lima and other Peruvian cities, hawked, con artists, street vendors and other trouble. For them the prospect of a change of government offers little solace. As these weeks leader Peter Sánchez Ordoñez put it: "We workers have no hope for these elections. We have to look to our own resources." **Virginia Smith**

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United Kingdom

'Supermike' to the rescue

A former journalist, now a leading light in Margaret Thatcher's Treasury, once coined the aphorism that "a company's profits vary inversely with the height of the chairman." By that yardstick, the census looked promising in late 1977 when South African lawyer Michael Robinson, a workaholic of British industry and a towering five feet, two inches in his socks, took over ailing British Leyland.

Profit may be as much a pipe dream as ever in a strike-glazed, unemployment-laid, which has swallowed \$26 billion in

It was the third time in a year that the fiery Robinson looked as if he was pulling the rug from under his shop-floor militants. Last autumn, he went over their heads and directly organized a ballot to seek worker support for his tough company strategy, involving plant closures, layoffs and the introduction of new technology. The move angered the plant by an overwhelming 7 to 1 vote, when union officials led by veteran convener Derek (Red) Roberts, were fired for organizing disruptive action, handicapped him by 90-percent rejection of a planned protest strike.

"Supermike's" progress is seen by insiders to have a lot to do with timing—the grim reality of recession in beginning to bite home—and a lot to do with personal style. Unlike many British chairmen, he gets down on the shop floor and in meetings with inefficiency

U.S.A. Lying down for the count

By Lawrence O'Toole

In the United States it's as simple as plugging a computer as it is to carry a card, and complex information is gathered and transmitted with the greatest of ease. But last week the census of the census was coming under severe criticism as well as finding itself hard put to ascertain the true population of the nation.

The 1980 census, due to be completed during the summer, is being conducted almost in the same fashion it was a century ago: plain old questionnaires and door-to-door enumeration. Hired by the tens of thousands, temporary workers set off to tramp the streets but often find themselves transported by automobile and the not-so-thoroughly modern auto to express outreach areas. Despite that, a large number of citizens are still unaccounted for: immigrants, vagrants, illegal migrant workers, alone at home, and just about anyone who has reason to keep information from the government.

The prevailing feeling in that Big Brother is watching. Having weathered a decade when it was discovered that the two major government intelligence agencies—the CIA and FBI—kept too close a watch on too many people, the mass mind is now highly reluctant to part with their privacy, fearing that demographic data could easily be transformed into a dossier.

Maneuvering by the constitution, the census information is kept strictly confidential (though the National Archives may release records after 75 years). What does worry is a great number of people is that this confidentiality has to be taken on faith. "The census bureau has the best record of confidentiality of any government agency," says Gata LeMarchand, assistant director of the New York American Civil Liberties Union. But he points out, Congress was at any time introducing legislation to change that. And while the ACLU has not ceased against answering the form, it does not endorse all aspects of the census and has expressed concerns over the bureau's habit of tracking data with



The newly at a mission in Chicago line up to be counted. Teams of women employees

other government records such as those of the Internal Revenue Service.

Ironically, those who say the national survey may be doing themselves a disservice. The detailed demographic analysis (the form asks about race, ethnicity and aspects of housing, such as plumbing) determines funding for health services, education and government housing projects. It defines electoral boundaries and, says the national ACLU, can be used to support government efforts to encourage desegregation.

(During the 1970 census, one South Indian father insisted upon taking his own count, which resulted in a loss of millions of dollars in aid.)

But even those without qualms who it comes to providing information find themselves frustrated. The census mannequins were on the subject of housing; it doesn't include data on co-operations. And last week the bureau came under

fire from Manhattan Councilor Antonio Olivieri, who claimed undercounting could cost the financially-plagued city millions of dollars in federal aid. Olivieri charged there weren't enough enumerators, that the post office was treating the forms as junk mail and that a recent survey by the New York Urban Coalition showed that the bureau's advertising attempts to convince illegal aliens and minority groups to participate was unconvincing.

It didn't help in Washington either that a cleaning lady raised most of the bureau's computers when she tripped the computer system. Management and other technical failings, which resulted in the forms almost not getting out on time (and lawsuits over the spouting of illegal answers), added vibrancy to the hue and cry. Now, the House subcommittee on census and population has told the bureau to get it right in shape—in "one or two years" to devise a totally new procedure. (The estimated under-count in 1970 was 2.5 per cent; it would be vainly hopeful to see it lower this year.)

A special panel at the census bureau has suggested a technological solution involving data phones, facsimiles and satellite relays to get rid of the current painful paperwork, which the panel says could take until the year 2000 to develop. Meanwhile, America is not at all amazed. ☐



Robinson left and Robinson, a short South African who took a tall order to fill

public money since 1971. But Robinson, who has been called "the greatest man in British industry," has recently shown some remarkable power over his troubled work force and last week seemed to be on the way to further justifying his media nickname "Supermike."

At stake was a pay-and-productivity deal which Robinson, now Sir Michael, says is "what if it is to have a chance of reaching internationally accepted standards of efficiency and productivity." Migrant officials among them: 11 unions had agreed the men could return to work after the Easter break because management said that, if they did, they would be "deemed" to have accepted a package linking modest pay increases of between five and 10 per cent with new working practices. Among other things, the latter would dilute the hitherto rampant power of Leyland's shop stewards.

In the event, by the weekend only 32,000 of Leyland's 36,000 workers had obeyed the call to stay away, though a late decision by the powerful Transport Workers' Union to make the strike still illegal helped no good in the critical weeks leading up to the October launch of Leyland's new look model, the Metro, representing a massive 1987 \$-million investment.

in executive suites. He habitually works at 50-hour weeks, including Sundays, and is driven by a powerful desire to improve Britain's industrial performance.

Leyland's fourth chairman in two years since he took over the under state ownership in 1978, Robinson was described by a cabinet minister as the "last chance" against foreign competitors. Many mass-market models were selling poorly and even the proud Jaguars, Landrovers and Rovers were getting a bad name for quality. Robinson raised eyebrows by proposing a planned deal with Renault of France in favor of a more modest agreement to manufacture a new model—officially named the Renault—within 18 months.

On assessing the outlook seen in British industry, Robinson said, "I believe in getting a consensus in any move we make—not just among management, but on the shop floor too." Plain though it was, the promise of that consensus in his reorganization plan last week coincided with the best news Leyland has been able to boast in months, thanks in large measure to its pin-point, price-cutting tactics. Its share of the U.K. car market, a mere 15 per cent in January, had bounced back to almost 20 per cent by March, just four points behind Ford by March, just four points behind Ford.

Carol Kennedy

The merchant of dreams

When Walters is a dealer in dreams, his clients are avidly ordinary businessmen who want to rob banks, play poker in a high-stakes night club, or have a private country where they can relax and enjoy the amenities of a five-star resort. Walters is the man who has made a fortune out of these dreams.

"People want to get away from it all," he told last week. "They want to escape and do something really odd and sexy and fantastic." And fantasy is exactly what he has to sell them. His beach clubs, which in Seattle, Washington, Walters has developed a series of "popular" fantasies of which can be staged—depending on the budget—for about \$400.

One of the big sellers is a business lunch guaranteed to impress. Walters picks the host and he goes up in a limousine and dress out to the end of a deserted dock overlooking the sea. The client who is told he is going to a fancy restaurant is right told Walters never sets up a table for two with crisp white linen, silverware, china and a crystal vase with a rose and drives off.

What follows is their make-believe. A

sauced suitman behind the dock starts a grating and spinning noise appropriate for the entrance of the Loch Ness monster. But instead a scuba diver steps up with a huge water-proof hammer and cracks and smashes a gaudy lunch.

Another big seller is the marriage-proposal package. Walters drives a couple into the countryside to a secluded glade, sets up a table with champagne, picnic and a bouquet of flowers. The man is told to propose his deal as often as men—start their romantic buildup. All some packages include "I love you more than words can say" a top foot-locked moments by rage from a nearby lake and pass a love song on a radio.

Walters 33 broke into the world of Men and Co. to play nothing of Warner and Bailey by opening a limousine service. He started the scuba-diver fantasy and the musical proposals. To date he has had 100 clients. One became known that I was prepared to organize just about any fantasy the operation took off the radio. He said he now has three full-time staff and about 30 people on call.

Organizers. One popular fantasy among businessmen is a bare robbery. I've organized a gala. We've them up with the technology and a handy bank. We can do it in 100 minutes with realistic machine-guns and Motorola money.



Employees Craig Jennings left and Walters prepare a fantasy dinner for his clients

Then there was the California executive who wanted power. Walters put him in a sailing ship for a four-day trip. To take sailing him as Captain Digh, he could do what he needed—for a mere \$20,000. Another customer paid \$3,000 for one Arabian night as a suite with six belly dancers to wait on him.

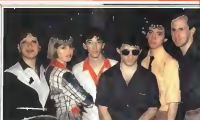
The profit fantasy is a regular. Walters has re-created a 17th-century sailing ship with a bloody crew of local actors and students. Frustrated officials play Blackbeard with guests bring old cannons, wearing topknots and stinging sword fights which they always win. That's our talent," says Walters. He makes people feel they're in a gala. William Lorchner

People

Our elevators are their lifts. Our footnotes are their innards. And the capsize-shaped things we call maffins are almost unknown in Britain. The Toronto-Toronto sister **Muffin** and the Maffins could have been partners for years. But they were separated after they raised confusion on a recent trip with their name and with lyrical references to Cheesecake—a snack food unknown in the UK. The Muffins, fronted by two Muffins (**Lissy** and **Jessica**), have climbed over Canadian borders and across the Atlantic Ocean to arrive at the top of the pop charts in England with their disco-swing single **Me Me Mine** album. Despite transatlantic razzmatazz and an impending second European tour, the on-wave partnership in life go as: "I'll be having pictures taken and get a photo taken from the backside of my car." —*John L. Johnson*

New York producer Joseph Papp was looking for a singer who could act, be amusing and appear "juicy." She also had to be a star, since the city financially picked Shakespeare Festival needs a crowd-magnet for its Central Park production this summer. So Papp decided to "go way out in terms of casting" and offer rock superstar Jimi Hendrix a part in the Gilbert and Sullivan operetta *The Pirates of Penzance*. Konradt is quoted helping discuss Jerry Moonshine) draws with his slick, slick campaign, and her Papp said she decided to give him a million-dollar tour to make her \$400-a-week dramatic debut. He only questioned when Papp phoned her. "Can I sing tomorrow?"

After listening to *The Ghetto*, *Alvin Karpis Paul* commented that the group played the kind of music that many fans loved in Detroit to inspire the 1970s funk and soul scene. "I think the Pope's opening set last September at his Daddy's home before 18 million participants—a record performance—was a great example of the kind of music that we loved," says *Alvin Karpis Paul*. "We loved the music because 'We could have lost our all day jamming,' says leader *Paul Karpis*. 'We had to give the man his turn.' The hustle and bustle of the music was created by the original introductions, The Chicago didn't get to meet the Pope until January when they played at a private arena show in Rome. Despite his own desire to see the Pope, *Alvin Karpis Paul* kept his private session with each group member on a strictly personal level and did not seek any type of management or contracts. The Pope's records and it had to be looked for



Half a dozen muffins—Johnson and Larry Mark Gane, Matt, Tim Gane and Phoebe.



Flora (left) investigating punk and piracy in Central Park. Asaph (right) running and the terrible loneliness of the short-day trip.



ward to the film *Tron* and *Arachnophobia*, starring Richard Dreyfuss and Kate Winslet and featuring an original soundtrack by the back-catalogue artist.

Joggers were annoyed because they disrupted a 6 1/2-hour event, from dawn until dusk, by running down the road and across athletic tracks nearby.

"It's OK," says **Ramona Aspinwall**, who has made only a 90-second dash at the box office. Co-starring with **Glenne Syndromer** producer **Michael Douglas**, **Aspinwall** plays the most threatened and entranced wife of a failed scientist, fueled here salesmen and falling apart. She's a woman who lives her life as a series of losses, watching her husband go off to work, leaving her alone with two young boys. **Aspinwall** says she drew on nurses at role parallels between experience with an actor. "It didn't bother me to support my family financially as long as I could make it."

my husband was committed to an ideal." She's currently making *The Devil and Mar Devlin* with **Emmett Skol** and **Kai Cobby**. Gould bargains to stay out of hell by sending three 100 souls in her stead. Says Amaguchi with a smile: "In his case, winning is important."

"We're an unlikely combination," says Lisa Minelli about her collaboration with the bounding boy of ballet in Minneapolis on Broadway. A TV special to be aired later this month. After a winter of recuperating from injuries and a bout of tendonitis, Minna will revert to tines from Oklahoma and Ginger and Dolls. He and Minelli have been romantically linked and are at least staunch friends. To keep up with Lisa, *Encyclopedia* had to go from pills to tap and shuffle, which reinforced his admiration for the commedia dell'arte.



For all Gables with wife Vivian (above) and Hoppert, and Knieffertson (below): roller-skating and a bullwhip



multi-talents of Broadway groups. "These people give me a big complex. I mean, they can do everything, and I can't do anything I can dance on."

"As I spoke, I looked at his pale face. I thought he would be offended, his eyesing. I hoped I could trust him—but... No, it's not a Harlequin story; it doesn't have a happy ending. The author is Princess Anahid Sahakian, twin sister of the aging ex-shah of Iran. The object of her state is U.S. President Jimmy Carter. The princess spills all the information she and her brother feel for smiling Jimmy in *Peters Is the Mirror—Remains From Earth* to be published this week in the book, the "Tajik" review in the New York Times, and the "Tajik" review in the New York Times. In 1978, in Tehran, and Carter stayed of the Shah. "There is no leader who..."

when I have a deeper sense of personal growth and personal freedom." Ah, the resolutions people make, the things people say when the hand plays "Should old acquaintance be forgot."

Canadian entertainment awards ceremonies honored such a golden time last year, and here's what's at stake this year. After snatching the Best Actor and Best Actress trophies from the *Crash* and the *Juno*, Oscar-nominated Minister François Fournier made it a hot trick to lose less than a month. His immediate predecessor, David Macdonald, presented an award for children's programming, and awarded cheerful director Ron Fricman election defeat in the riding he had held for nearly 15 years and the province's state-of-emergency segment. The singing, social-activist dogmatism may be "putting bread on the table" as a fellow in residence for the Institute for

Research on Public Policy, and he is contemplating whether to let his candidacy for United Church moderator stand. Former moderator **Ernest McLeod** "called and suggested I not make a quick decision," MacDonald confessed.

Franchier actress Isabelle Huppert starred North American moviegoers with her transformation from a romantic innocent in *The Lovers* maker to a maternalist hardness and prostrator in *Violette Nostrade*. She continues in the latter sets by playing the owner of the friendly neighborhood diner in the new comedy *Les Femmes d'Alph*, which she cowrote with new epic, *Hanau's Gate*, with Kiki Kieferman and John Hurt. After seeing Comen's *The Dinner*, Huppert was delighted when he offered her a role, even though she had to learn how to roller-skate, walk, ride a horse and fire a rifle. Ever the perfectionist, Comen called for as few as three days of rehearsal for his new film. "It was a very intense time with a crew with a belief."

“Like using economic ladies,” says *Entrepreneur*’s Craig Russell, and the latest addition to his repertoire certainly qualifies. After its debut at Carnegie Hall in January, he will drag out his version of *Eve Finero* for home audiences this week. “I spent six months in New York last year and she was the most interesting person I met. It was quite a shock to discover she’d been dead for 27 years!” Russell has been trying to do *Anne Murray* justice for a while, but to risk “She’s so pure I can’t do a send-up of her,” says Russell.

[illegible]

Edited by Margaret Pierce



As Carter beats the drum, the undecided sit down

By Hal Quinn

Last week, as U.S. President Jimmy Carter miled against his "allies" for not supporting his satellites against Iran, lobbyists at the state department were doing the same to "allies" for not supporting Carter's faltering movement to boycott the Moscow Summer Olympics. For the third time (Helsinki in 1984, Czechoslovakia in 1968, Afghanistan in 1980), Soviet tanks and troops had rumbled in an Olympic year. On the heels of the hostage-taking in Iran, and presidential promises, as the Winter Olympics in Lake Placid, N.Y., approached, Carter had initiated his boycott. But after initial surges of support, governments, including Canada's, have wavered, as the hostages went and Afghan tribesmen seized at Soviet troops in the Khyber Pass.

Carter's Feb. 20 deadline for withdrawal of Soviet troops from Afghanistan passed without incident, and now the moral conflict pits national Olympic associations and athletes against governments. Joe Clark had said he would support a boycott if re-elected. *Business Week* only that he would support "an effective boycott." The Canadian Olympic Association rejected the boycott in a 25-to-6 vote March 21, and President Dick Pound announced the committee's majority in its four-year resolution, the vital motion stating: "The COA rejects in principle the concept that Canadian Olympic athletes bear the burden of Canada's response to an international situation." Shortly after that, executive member W.D. Walker announced that he had voted against the resolution.

The Olympic Trust, an organization made up mainly of influential Canadian businessmen charged with raising more than 80 per cent of the \$1.5 million needed to send a team to Moscow, quickly responded. The executive committee unanimously agreed to disagree with the COA, announcing its support of the boycott. Trust President Wally Hunter said "We have received the message loud and clear that our corporate sponsors are not in favor of sending a Canadian team to Moscow," the implication being that funds may be withheld. Meanwhile, as the Canadians and Soviet negotiators were voted not to go,

the government has maintained a wait-and-see posture, anticipating a visit from U.S. Secretary of State Cyrus Vance April 22.

Crucial to Carter's boycott in Europe, British Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher was one of the first and most vocal supporters. Her government voted 2-to-1 in favor of the boycott, has continually applied pressure to the British Olympic Association and has told athletes working in the civil service that they will be refused paid leave, and those in the armed forces that they would not be allowed to compete. But the strong-arm tactics backfired. Civil-service unions offered to make up lost pay and public opinion completely turned around with 76 per cent now opposed to a boycott. The Olympic association defiantly voted 18-to-1 to go to Moscow, with only the equestrian, field hockey and fencing teams opposed. Last week, the fences changed their minds.

Games symbolize peace, making of Moscow Olympic Stadium the best is setting



At a meeting in Brussels, 16 Western European Olympic committees rejected the boycott and eight have said their athletes will go whatever their government's attitude may be. The key may be West Germany. Like the U.S., now is an election year. But the decision may be left up to the West German Olympic Committee. In France, the official response had been that a boycott would be an inappropriate response. However, President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing is now reported to be leaning toward a boycott. The Norwegian Olympic Committee was the only one in Europe supporting the boycott, but has now reversed its stance. Under heavy U.S. pressure the Japanese are stalling, the Chinese government has asked its Olympic committee to boycott the Games, Hong Kong's association has withdrawn (due to lack of funds), the Australian athletes have voted to go ahead, with the exception of Kenya, almost all of black Africa will be represented. While supported by Israel and Egypt and a list of nations not associated with the game, last week the Carter administration increased pressure on the USSR to vote quickly in favor, while assuring that documents with sponsoring corporations have resulted in the USSR being \$1.5 million short of its \$4.8-million goal for the quarter. And, after stating his case to the USSR, athletes and U.S. sportswriters, Carter announced that legal action would be taken to prevent U.S. athletes from going to Moscow.

Instantly on the eve of the USSR's 24-to-1 vote to support Carter's boycott, he received additional support from an unlikely source: Iran's Revolutionary Council announced that Iran would boycott the Games.

With files from Ian Mather in London, Catherine Fox in Washington.

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Exposures of a junior detective

current hour, was stabbed to death in an alley. Wong called the result *Murder Research*, and, having travelled most to meet as a photo exhibitor, it has just been released as a book.

What can you say about candid shots of a dead man in a bed of snow? That they're haunting, that the police detective going about their business look like they're out of some hard novel, that the melted imprint of the

man's body, like a final intent, has evocative power? No. That seems peculiarly irrelevant, and somehow Marpement. What comes to mind is that *Murder Research* looks like the final exploitation, a dead Indian hanging like an artifact on a gallery wall. The act of recording the death is not that shocking.

After all, murder is an everyday affair and photographers' ethics are not questioned all that often. And the research aspect of the work, which took Wong to morgues, is a fairly common artistic approach: artists' curiosity often leads to disproportionate dissections and, as for ob-

session, it is one way to anthologize brutal reality. (An obsessive attention to the details of his and his friends' life is, in fact, Wong's basic approach in all of his work.)

Wong, however, differs from standard wasteful exploitation is then crucial, as is the response of ethics to the viewer. It makes you sad, and to that extent the melted photographs are humane. It's not simply brutal reality, for it is thoughtful enough to lead you to some sort of intellectual or emotional understanding. By avoiding the dangers of manipulation—the accompanying deadpan text has the ineluctable significance of quotes from Gertrude Stein mixed with murder statistics—Wong has distanced all weight, but the weight that the viewer brings to it. He even covers himself on that score, writing that "The facts, statistics, quotes . . . were added to maintain a carefully controlled distance. It is left to the openness of the reader to close this distance."

Primarily a video and performance artist, Wong is certainly used to taking risks himself. In *In-the-city*, for instance, a 1978 videotape that has been touring with *Murder Research*, Wong enacted a ritual of bereavement and emotion prompted by the suicide of his friend and collaborator Alex Fletcher. Clanking into a five-walled padded box fitted with five video cameras, Wong began by addressing himself to the audience who could see him outside the box on monitors. Gradually, with rock music as a catalyst, Wong's movements went from violent harings at the walls to fatal postures and even, through spitting at the cameras, to an attempt at "escaping surveillance." The audience watched and watched, but eventually couldn't bear it and some friends started jumping in to rescue him. Wong says that the piece was an attempt to come to terms with loss and the gods of survival. "We sweep everything under the carpet. Karl's death and funeral happened so quickly that there was no time to see it through properly."

The trouble with Wong's work is that it too often expresses the urge to record painful events without the urge to think about them—because it doesn't reach out, it ends up by talking to itself. It's almost by default that Wong has an impact on his audiences—from how a very ordinary murder speaks for white men's history to how we've out rituals like these of grief for convenience's sake. With the death of his friend, Wong himself is beginning to suspect that the price of his life as a junior detective is too high. Returning to Vancouver he says he will be entering a period of "new calls." Carole Corbell



Wong and part of *Murder Research* in a five-walled padded box with five cameras

On Feb. 26, 1976, Paul Wong, a Vancouver artist, got up at an unusually early hour to say goodbye to his friend Jeanette who was off to Calgary. Looking out of his bedroom window to check the weather, he saw, in the flat stretch of his snowy back lane, the half-clad body of a dead man. The man's blood had seeped into the snow turning it orange like an aura around his body. Wong grabbed his camera and started shooting. Jeanette, "totally freaked out," hid in the bathroom. "It was," says Wong, "an instant reaction, grabbing the camera, an immediate way to distance the experience. It wasn't until noon that what happened had hit me." Armed with a press pass, likening himself to a "junior detective," Wong ended up investigating the story of a native Indian who, as the result of a fight with an old girl-friend's

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Health

Gentle questions of birth

By Pat Orlendorf

The natural childbirth movement was well under way by 1975, when French obstetrician Frederick Leboyer popularized his novel method of delivering babies in Birth Without Pain. What he contributed was a fresh portrait of the infant's often terrifying and lonely experience in the delivery room, and the startling suggestion that the birth trauma—one of those "givens" in psychiatric theory—might be transformed into an easy, even joyful transition for the baby. Leboyer worked in a quiet, darkened delivery room, clamped the umbilical cord late (to allow the baby to adjust to breathing without being deprived of its



Painful: Immersing Leboyer baby: birth as the parents' experience, not the doctor's

oxygen supply). He placed the newborn on the mother's abdomen immediately after birth (to help establish a secure bond between them), and gave the baby a warm bath, reinsertion of the womb if it had just left. Leboyer and his followers believed that babies born by this gentle method were calmer and more responsive than others, and would become more secure and creative adults. To many obstetricians, however, questions of safety were more important. How well could problems be spotted in a

dark working area? Wouldn't the infant be more susceptible to jaundice because of the afternoon of blood due to late clamping? Wouldn't the baby become chilled when taken out of the bath? Wasn't the whole procedure, in fact, a lot of fuss and bother for very questionable benefits?

Until now, doctors and prospective parents have relied only on personal ex-



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Working with Leboyer, the others screamed

clination in deciding whether to use Leboyer's methods or steer clear of them. But the results of a two-year study at Stanford's McClellan University, published last month in the *New England Journal of Medicine*, provided proponents as well as critics with scientific information for the first time. In addition—and perhaps of greater ultimate significance—the study implicitly raised the question, "What should a hospital birth be like?"

To test the effectiveness and safety of the Leboyer procedures, medical scientist Nancy Nelson, obstetrician Marnay Birkin, pediatrician David Sidel and their colleagues studied two groups of 38 women who were treated alike except for one thing: the test group had Leboyer-type births in the labor room while the control group had "conventional" births in the delivery room. "In all respects," the study reports, "attention was paid in both groups to gentle handling of the newborn and to facilitation of parent-infant interaction." The behavior of the 38 babies was recorded minute-by-minute during the first hour of life and checked during the first three days; follow-up assessments of temperament and development were made at six weeks and eight months.

At the end of the two years, after all the observations had been translated into numbers and all the numbers had roiled through the computer, what did the researchers find? Leboyer babies appear to be no different from babies born by a "gentle conventional delivery." To wit, the study was very sound," comments Dr. Robert Utner of the Royal Victoria Hospital in Montreal, an authority on newborn care. "It really tested the hypothesis that some of the members of that study group firmly believed in: that a child delivered by the Leboyer method would have a much better psychological response to birth and that there would be a better bonding between the mother and baby after birth."

Dr. Allen Fetics, an obstetrics obstetrician who has performed more than 200 Leboyer-type deliveries, says the study hasn't changed his mind at all.



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"In fact, it helps me because it shows that you can carry out a gentle childbirth with no adverse effects to the newborn." And one of her patients, Toronto teacher Ber Markley, says nothing can dampen her enthusiasm over her youngest child's birth: "I couldn't believe how peaceful she was—our other babies had screamed and screamed from the moment of their birth. But Lennae is different. She's extremely outgoing and warm with people." Markley is looking forward to her fifth child—and her second Leboyer delivery—in August.

To many women with bitter memories of hospital deliveries, the McMaster study must seem mere hairsplitting between one enlightened method of childbirth and another. "What would be really interesting," comments Hans Bell, Toronto prenatal counsellor and home-birth attendant, "would be to compare the McMaster control group with the conventional hospital birth." Although there have been improvements in hospital childbirth practices in the past several years, the battle is far from over. The dramatic rise in home births in Canadian cities attests to continuing dissatisfaction with hospital deliveries. And couples enrolled in prenatal classes today often spend as much time learning how to handle hospital staff as anything else. Says Pettie,

"Twenty-five per cent of my patients ask questions that really mean, I fear you're going to take over my body, do things to me—give me anaesthesia and give me anaesthesia—and I don't want it."

"Many people feel that our companion group is not an appropriate one in that McMaster is one of the most advanced maternity units in the country," says Nelson, head of the project. But, as the study explains, "The control deliveries, while more conventional, were intended to be equally gentle, to avoid confounding the controversial specifics of Leboyer's method with the principles of gentleness." Adds Siegel: "It's not good medicine to compare a Leboyer-type method with something that we consider archaic."

This is the heart of the McMaster Leboyer study: not what it says about a certain set of rituals, but what it shows is possible in hospital delivery rooms today. The main concern at McMaster are gentleness, patience, the bonding period between parents and baby, and the recognition that within the limits of safety the birth of a child is an ongoing experience, not the obstetrician's. "At the time we started having faith in ourselves," emphasizes Nelson, "not in this method or that method." Adds Robin: "My response is a woman who asks for a Leboyer delivery will continue to be. The only woman who has a Leboyer delivery is Mrs. Leboyer. What do you want for your birth?" □



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See & Collect

The art of war for fun and profit



By Paul MacPhee

Friday night at the games club at the third floor of Mr. Gamewright's Ark in Toronto, one of North America's biggest game and hobby stores. The most striking feature in the room is a life-size plywood and plastic replicas of the bridge of the Starship Enterprise, bristling with buttons, lights and painted video screens. The Enterprise takes up one whole end of the room. To its left is a small, blacked-out

Peeer in his stars, Gygax with D&D characters: a registration state for war

theatre. The remaining floor space is covered by a sea of air or Formica-top tables placed in no particular order, and around the tables sit some war-game players. Half of them sink in the state of intense and silent concentration usually associated with chess.

Three teen-agers have set up a naval war game on the surface of one of the tables. In a corner, two men in their 30s

huddle intently over a map of Scotland, relighting the 1934 Battle of Bannockburn between Robert the Bruce and the forces of England's King Edward II. Three or four others look on. Behind them two tables hold a large map of the Normandy coast, ready for a replay of D Day. And a dozen fellows from their early teens to early 30s are ranged beside a long table for a noisy game of Dungeons and Dragons.

In a separate room four tables have been pushed together to hold a gigantic map of Europe, covered with thousands of colored cardboard counters representing Soviet and German combat units. Nobody's playing War in Europe tonight; it takes eight, maybe—four a side—so rue above the mass of detail and they can't all get together until Sunday.

The 50 to 60 serious gamers who visit the Gamewright's club every weekend are just a tiny fraction of the estimated 200,000 North Americans attracted in recent years to a fast-growing hobby known as war gaming—adult games of strategy as far removed in complexity and sophistication from the traditional family board games as Monopoly and Scrabble as a Formula 1 Ferrari is from Mr. Ford's first Model T. For many years war games stuck to tank and infantry (for cavalry and infantry) historical subjects and re-creations of battles such as Gettysburg, Waterloo and Stalingrad. With their sometimes difficult

rules and long playing times—12 hours is not uncommon—these games required commitment and stamina and had only a small following of hard-core game and history buffs. But in the past three or four years, with what game manufacturers call improvements in the "state of the art," games have been appearing on store shelves in appeal to every skill level and historical or imaginary interest.

The biggest breakthrough has been the introduction of science-fiction and fantasy games. "Not everybody was born a historian, but everyone has a dream," explains James Duggan, president of Simulations Publications Inc. (SPI) of New York, the second-largest publisher of war games after Simulations' Avalon Hill. Although they are spin-offs from the military stream, sci-fi and fantasy games have allowed out

the conventional battles in sales and numbers of players over the past three years. SPI's current best seller, with sales of more than 70,000 units, is an adaptation of Tolkien's *The Lord of the Rings*: second-ranked in Starforce, a space-conflict game, with 60,000 copies sold. By comparison, SPI experts to sell an average 10,000 copies each of its historical war games in their entire libraries. The current best seller among all war games? Dungeons and Dragons, the fantasy role-playing game that sold 100,000 copies in 1979 alone (see box page 30).

In 1979 North Americans spent more than \$25 million on war games and related products, such as metal military miniature figures, about \$2 million of that in Canada, a hefty jump of 30 per cent from 1978. "However you slice it," says Duggan, "the war-game market has tripled in five years." The figures are all the more surprising since war gaming is an industry that didn't even exist 25 years ago. The first mass-produced commercial war game, using a grid map and cardboard pieces, did not appear until 1828. In the next 50 years

the publisher, The Avalon Hill Game Co., marketed a line of about 20 games with almost no competition. Today the consumer is faced with a bewildering array of more than 400 game titles of professional calibre brought out by more than 50 game firms, most of them in the United States and a handful in Europe. Canada currently has only one company designing and publishing new war games—Simulations Canada of Etobicoke, Nova Scotia. Vancouver's Games II Games brought out three war games, including two on Canadian subjects—the War of 1812 between Canada and the United States, and the battle between French and English forces on the Plains of Abraham in 1759. Sales were disappointing and after two years, in 1974, Games II stopped producing war games in favor of family games. A third firm, War Diagrams House of Games in Bramalea, Ontario, has a line of simplified "family" war games, and also distributes the popular Diplomacy.

The games room of Mr. Gamewright's Ark: you slip on your toes or get smashed?



At first sight it's a trend that appears sinister: "War is repugnant to some people," admits Thomas Shaw, Avalon Hill's president, "and this has been a problem for us. During the Vietnam hostilities it was hard to market war games, and we never published a Vietnam war game. But with the realization that war was our country's game up, we think it's more than a coincidence."

A sudden interest in war after almost 40 years without a major world conflict also raises disturbing questions about some minds need for aggression in the human species, especially among males (only one per cent of military war games are women). "There is a generation," wrote General Sir Ian Hamilton, commander of the British Army at Gallipoli during the First World War, "a mysterious such for war passed through the people. Their instinct tells them there is no other way of progress and escape from the habits that so longer fit them." Alternately, are people subconsciously preparing for a major war that is rearing up, even if no one knows when or where?

The rising interest in war games does reflect a new enfranchised North American society, argues University of Waterloo sociologist Gerard DeGree. He has taught a social-conflict introduction workshop using war games for six years and plays naval games at home with some of his students. War gaming is a symptom of the United States' "loss of innocence," he believes. "It's true that before the Second World War America was a whole was not interested in military affairs." The growing role of the U.S. as a military superpower changed all that, he says. "English and German children, living in societies with a strong military orientation, have always been fascinated by war games. Robert Louis Stevenson spent half his time up in the attic playing war games with his tin soldiers." (British author and pacifist H.G. Wells also loved war games; he even published a book in 1911 called *The War in the Air*, and for many years the only set of comprehensive rules for civilian war gaming using tin soldiers.)

But the negative image of war gaming has been a problem for retailers and players as well as manufacturers. "If they were known only as historical games, we could sell three times as many," says John Foner, owner of a Vancouver-based game-store chain, Good Stuff Games. Debra Driffield, a buyer for Mr. Gamewright's, laughs as she recalls the problems she had with Farber Brothers' Risk, a family-oriented game of world conquest. "When I put it in the war-game section, mothers buying games for their kids wouldn't touch it. It was about war. So I moved



Risk is the game of the world. So I moved

link to the family-games section. Now we sell about 24 copies a week."

Some critics think that because war games play war games they want to beat someone else up, but John Dunn, owner of Toronto's Battled Dwarf games store, argues that it's the complete opposite. "Because you play war games, you know what can happen to you in a given battle situation. Would you want to be one of those Infantry charging a German tank company?"

War games are just another form of competition, argues David Simpson, co-owner of the Montreal War-

games' Association two years ago. "Some people will never be great athletes, but they can be great strategic players." Simpson, 27, a consultant for a construction products company, spends at least one and sometimes as many as five nights a week at his club. A player of both military and science-fiction games, he has a collection of more than 800 titles. He has the military game's fascination with history. "Gaming brings historical facts home far more than reading about them," he says. A war game can vividly illustrate why Napoleon was unable to conquer

Russia in 1812 ("Adverse weather and lack of supplies," says Simpson) or what would have happened if Hitler invaded Russia in 1941 instead of a year later ("He'd have won").

For Desmond McGarry, a 27-year-old Toronto law student, war games are a psychologist rather than historical thing. His game is Diplomacy, a simulation of national rivalry among the European powers that caused World War I. It's a multi-player game and it is the dealing among them—the making and breaking of alliances—that fascinates McGarry. "In Diplomacy you can cheat, but you develop your ability to avoid telling the truth without seeming a liar," he explains. "If you did that in real life, people wouldn't talk to you." He adds that some of the qualities making a good Diplomacy player are also found in successful lawyers, particularly the ability to persuade others to perform actions in your best interest. But a warning: Diplomacy can be hazardous to your friendships. Alliances between players are usually made in secret, and double crosses are part of the game. Sometimes spouses or friends won't speak to each other for weeks after a hard-fought match.

As the customer demand grows, science-fiction games are breaking in two directions: hyperbolic wars of the future on earth (World War III, The Next War, After the Holocaust), Invasion America (Communists invade North America) and Objective Moscow (Europeans and Chinese gang up on the Soviet Union) and wars in space (Star Wars, Star Trek and Imperium: the clash of galactic empires), Cosmic Encounters (human vs. alien), Traveller (science-fiction role-playing with plots like mystery on a starship), Battlestar Mars (Bustan on Mars sends against an aggressive Earth). Fantasy games lean toward the magical and mythical in which wizards and sorcerers fight alongside (or against) muscle-bound brutes, evil dwarfs and hungry monsters, using brains, brawn and magical spells.

At the same time, publishers have been rehashing every outcome and era for conflicts they can turn into new historical games. Almost every action of the First and Second World Wars, the American Civil War and Napoleonic era has been "gamed," and game-makers have been forced to range farther afield into prehistoric times (Gladiators and Romans), ancient Rome (Centurion, Caesar's Legions), Greece (The Peloponnesian Wars), China (Rise of China, Warring States), Japan (Samurai) and European history (Agincourt, Siege of Constantinople, Frederick the Great).

Not content with war, game manufacturers are also producing sophisticated titles based on sports and business. You can play and manage your own baseball,

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Peter Ronald Green an employee dedicated to a good cause

Pete was born at Point Abino, Ont. and joined the Company in June 1948. He worked as a Pecker, Film Operator, Inspector, Mix Operator and as a Miller at the old Belleville plant. A few years ago he was transferred to the new Bath plant where he is working as an Electronic Technician. He also has a son who works at Bath as an Electronic Apprentice.

Pete lives in Deseronto, Ont. and he is a member of the Indian Tribe of "McKenzie-Etobicoke". As an active member of the Band Council he has taken part in negotiations with the Federal Department of Indian Affairs. Recently he represented his Band with delegates of other Canadian Bands in London, England, where they lobbied for Native People's rights under the constitutional reform movement.

Pete and his wife Marion have eight children. Marion, in addition to teaching in a large family, has recently completed university studies in law and is now studying for her bar examinations while working with the Justice Department in Ottawa. We salute Pete and Marion for their outstanding accomplishments.

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basketball or football team using computer statistics from real teams or individual performances of the previous year, or try your luck at the Fantasy football, men or the women. Considering that so many people think business is "dull," the number of games coming out in this area is surprising—Angry, Back Blackjack, Backs and Bends, Revenge Decision, Business Strategy, North Sea Oil and Foreign Exchange (this one almost requires a PhD in economics for the advanced version).

The structure of games is also changing. On one end of the scale, games are

dealing with smaller and smaller sub-sets. In Squad Leader, for example, the player becomes a platoon lieutenant rather than a general and his objectives are pillboxes and dumps of food rather than whole territories or cities. As units get smaller, the amount of detail and realism increases to include varying types of weapons, company morale, ability to carry equipment, type of formation (column, line, square) and so on. At the other end of the scale, game-makers are turning out more and

more of what they call "monster" games—simulations with thousands of pieces, hundreds of pages of rules, map boards 48 square feet in size which require four or five kitchen tables to carry them. A new Second World War game, Campaign for North Africa, has a suggested playing time of 200 hours, notes John Dams of the The Battered Dwarf store. "And that's for the guy who designed the game. It would take you or me triple that amount of time. The rule book is about two inches thick."

The most popular fantasy of all

At first glance you might think you had stumbled into a lecture, with four people at a table and three others scattered on the floor talking steadily to a man at a lectern. But on second glance the lectern turned out to be a cardboard screen propped up on its sides and the speaker with charts and lists on the slide where the others can't see. The lecturer is tonight's Dungeon Master, and the eight people are deeply engrossed in the most popular live role-playing game in the world.



Feinberg (right) as Dungeon Master with wife, Linda, and sons Chris and David and David's father-in-law here

monsters, traps, riches and treasure usually good people or items such as magic wands or cloaks of invisibility. He guides the other players through the maze describes their surroundings for them warns them of emerging monsters or obstacles and mediates the results of battles. The players at last have a huge variety of characters to choose from. They can be dwarves or heavily armed brutes or religious clerics or wizards—in fact almost anything the imagination can dream up. They also choose, or are assigned, a personality for each character: good or evil, lawful or chaotic or neutral. They throw dice—with four six eight 12 or 20 sides—to come up with a character's strength intelligence, dexterity with weapons and ability to take punishment. As characters succeed in encounters with monsters or each other, they accumulate treasure and experience points, add the privilege of entering deeper, more dangerous but more rewarding levels of the dungeon.

Feinberg's wife Linda, a 24-year-old writer for *TV Guide*, has produced an educational and flow 11-year-old son, Chris, also play in D&D campaigns. Feinberg finds the role of Dungeon Master demanding, but worth the effort. "I get very involved," he says. "but when I get home I sleep better than usual. It's much

less jarring that way." Linda lists the joys "characters built up a story the way an vignette would become alive." And Chris says his imagination and ability to think have grown since the family started playing D&D. "It's weird being to my mother in a game," he admits, "being you should do that, or this will help you. But it's made me more confident. I talk with my mother a lot now."

Fantasy role playing can help teenagers solve their identity problems by giving them an identity in the game. Says Ron Pappan, owner of Mr. Gameways, another Toronto game store. "You can be a hero or super hero. Our gay kids have been a star football player, somebody else does it by playing a fantasy game."

Dungeons and Dragons is a game you win in the dual sense, he says. The ultimate aim of the game is to gain sufficient experience as a good player to enter your character—the characters are kind of mythical historical figures, sometimes for others to look up to and admire.



While the future of war gaming looks good, some war-game companies are looking for ways to bring out new war games for the profitable family-game market. Hard-core war gamers may find them overemphatic and predictable, but the family games like Monopoly, Risk and Settlers sell hundreds of thousands of copies a year, compared to tens of thousands for war games.

Games behind the top-selling Dungeons and Dragons last Christmas was a family-oriented board game, Chess Struggle, a Monopoly-type treatment of the battle between capitalists and proletarians.

Dungeons (with rules) at Montreal War-games Association, another general

The industry is also studying computer and electronic games. Most of the current electronic games are not true war games, even if they do pit tank against tank, or jet fighter against jet fighter. Like TV Ping-Pong they are tests of manual dexterity, not military strategy. But as the number of home computer terminals grows, manufacturers expect to transfer more and more of their games from cardboard boxes to computer programs.

Meanwhile, Avalon Hill's Shaw at-

tributes the current war-game boom to better games and better marketing of games. Others point to the depressed state of the North American economy. "It's just a fact that games do well during a recession," says Vancouver game retailer Peter "Scrabble and Monopoly became tremendously popular during the Depression of the 1930s, when people weren't well-off and couldn't go out much." Today, he observes, a Vancouver couple with children must pay \$30 or more for a night at the movies, once you add the costs of baby-sitter and gasoline to the ticket. A game costs less than that, "and you can play it over and over again with friends in your home. It's a good investment."

In addition, North Americans are better educated and have more leisure time, despite the economic slump, than ever before observes Mr. Gimmey's Peppin. "Games are a much more positive way of spending your time than watching TV, to play them you have to think. You have to stay on your toes or get smashed. Watching football you can't have to do anything but 'harp.' War games are tense and exciting, but they also stretch the intellect to the limits. And they are a way of letting off steam in a tense economic climate, says Peppin. "Not everybody can go to the Bahamas, but anybody can conquer Moscow." ♠

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The blackboard jingle

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When universities could stiff afford to consider themselves hallowed—and when “nobis vobis” was about the only phrase in Latin always pronounced, instead of higher learning—attempts to recruit graduating high-school students had all the appeal of an invitation to a 50-day seminar on cobweb evolution in Byzantine domes. Now, however, with declin-

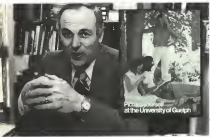
ing applications” yet inflated many alumni who “thought it was beneath our dignity.”

Although the 1970-80 school year began with an increase in enrolments for the first time in three years, there was little rejoicing at Canada's universities. Within three to four years the effects of the baby slump, which has already triggered waves of elementary and high school closures, are expected to reach the far end of the educational pipeline, causing a steep decline in university enrolments. Here the universities receive their funding largely on a per-student basis (\$3,800 per first-year enrolment in Ontario this year), this raises the spectre of a Rensselaer Darwinian contest, with the strongest and the most aggressive surviving and the weakest going to the wall. With the Gaelg campaign, which appears to violate long-standing guidelines set by the Council of Ontario Universities against “extraneous” recruitment advertising, that spectre is already haunting Ontario. (In Western Canada, “the competition for high-school students is not nearly as fierce,” says Alan McMillan, director of admissions at Simon Fraser University. “In Ontario there are 15 universities, there are only three in B.C.”)

The cost of the Gaelg radio hits has been estimated at anywhere from \$20,000 to \$200,000. Although James Stevens, Gaelg's assistant academic vice-president, declines to reveal the exact amount, he denies that it was extravagant. “We had tried the kind of approach you'd expect a university to use,” he says. Realizing that no one seemed to be reading the school's recent brochures, Gaelg decided to go another way. “And if you're going to go this way,” says Stevens, “you have to go all the way. I don't think that dignity is at all relevant in what a university should be about.” Pop radio was simply the best way to reach the “target market” of 16- to 17-year-olds.

Although the Council of Ontario Universities has yet to receive a formal complaint about the Gaelg campaign, one spokesman Will Sykes cautions: “We wouldn't like to see the universities competing with each other in a way that ultimately results in an escalation of costs. There could be a perception on the part of taxpayers that the universities are spending their money in an inappropriate manner.”

However, while Gaelg is delighted with the success of its campaign, J.J. McMillan—joining the question of dignity aside for the moment—remains skeptical. “If they had been economically successful there would have been a tremendous amount of pressure from our faculty to follow suit because students mean faculty jobs and lower student fees mean lower faculty.” Andrew Wilmer



Students (above) and despite “I don't think that dignity is at all relevant”

ing enrolments threatening to send some universities the way of the Ottawa Empire, a growing number of Canadian schools are redefining to the ecological world of commercial justice, they're reuniting with a rock band, and suggesting that higher learning might even be sexy.

When the University of Gaelg ran commercials on 22 Ontario pop stations for six weeks at the end of 1979, though, some university administrators chose to examine rather than sing along. One of them, J.J. Sandy McMillan, director of admissions at York University in Toronto, says “I don't think that jingles are particularly appropriate for a university image. You can't market a university in the same way as a car or a toaster.” But for Gaelg, at least, marketing is paying off. This month the university revealed that student applications are up six per cent, twice the provincial average.

Gaelg is already considering



ALAN McMILLAN

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Pursuing the pleasure principle

Anyone who has ever held a developing Polaroid 80-70 print and watched the picture emerge cloudily, greenside shades first, then the darker colors and finally the reds, adding their warm touch to human faces, has been captivated by the magic of the process. From picture to picture, from a miniature hand-held darkness that evokes the camera's inventor Edwin Land's ideal that there be "nothing for the photographer to do except to compose and to select the instant at which he wants to go from viewing to seeing." You could call it the pleasure principle of photography. Land put the most sophisticated electronic, optical and chemical technologies at the service of the snapshot so that even the most amateur photographer could have instant pictures. But, since its introduction in 1963, artists got into the act, playing with the 80-70's foolproof automation as if it were a new toy. Whether they have managed to turn the camera snapshot from a simple pleasure into "art" in the genuinest sense is 80-70's art (Leatrice Posner/Vas Nodoudou Reinhold, RM 80), a glossy white-on-white coffee-table collection of more than 100 Polaroid photographs by professional photographers. The one-of-a-kind prints from that book, recently shown in galleries in Toronto and Vancouver, are part of a worldwide travelling exhibition that will return to Canada in the fall.

The only method apparently shared by the photographers in the show seems to be a private disregard for the instructions that came with the camera. ("For the best results... get close to your subject... you should not flash for indoor pictures. Do not cut a picture.") Some stick the developing prints into the freezer, which produces a painted effect like an old poster; some pop them into tasters, which distorts the image and cracks the surface. New Yorker Lucas Samaras, among the first to tamper with the Polaroid process, uses the exposed print's layers of dye as they develop by applying pressure with a sharp or blunt instrument. John Reuter and others actually open the print package under the



back, stripping away the chemical developers, and paint the inside or collage bits of other photographs to surreal juxtapositions so that the prints look like miniature surrealist paintings by Max Ernst or Salvador Dalí. Most often this has the limited effect of a trick shot, as in the worst in a picture by John Thornton that turns a woman's head into a lamp base. The conceptual photographs in the show suffer the same fate, as in the too easy homage of John Haines, who slides the quickness of the system with his painting photograph of a Polaroid print reproducing the head belling it.

Not all the art is achieved by interfering with the process' closed circuit. The print's innate qualities—rich color, small format and square shape—have every photograph into a posed still life

80-70 photos (clockwise from top left): Peter De Lory; Chaseworth's green feet; one of Helmut Newton's studies; and John Tuckermore invited to come and play, too

(these qualities have also convinced artists that the 80-70 gives them better results than other one-stop cameras). For instance, Helmut Newton uses the immediacy of the camera for more traditional pursuits in a rigorously composed series of nudes—not boring to send the film to the printer's where the camera perfect for plays on erotic themes. For these photographs there is no question that the erotic is part of the 80-70's appeal, and the body a more effective subject than snapshot landscapes.

For the everyday photographer, part

of the fascination of the 80-70 is the immediate matching of the hand-held print with what he saw the moment before, in these pictures the momentary appeal of the snapshot is transformed from memory to dream. Bruce Chaseworth's figures run across basement backdrops, one of them wearing nothing but painted-on bright green shorts, a colored film dipped in front of the lens turns Frank De Perna's beach scene into the aquamarine coastline of California. What is most fascinating about looking at these pictures is their playfulness and their democracy—their implied invitation to come and play, too. Combining snapshot ease and artistic finesse, this new technology might be the answer in the old sawmill dream: "Everyone an artist." Philip Mosk

Every great Screwdriver has a silent partner.

on a padded operating table and it does seem possible, painful for you to you with clamps and out of your skin. Piled with soap bubbles and soap suds, the over-pressing mother once laughed while she wiped her little bottom, he's walking around the bench, otherwise known as Frank the chartered accountant. Then there's Ted the pharmacist who holds you close and tells you how lovely, but deep in the recesses of his consciousness he's really thinking you'd look a lot better dressed up in a leather harness with a little mask to match.

On the made-up face of Nancy Friday's latest offering, *Men in Love*, a sci-



Friday: oh, for an entire basketball team



fiction of male sexual fantasies submitted by random—or should we say really—males, the premise is made that after reading it, "women will never be able to look at men in the old way." That is, without shame. This is, after all, 1980, and the closest his sense been so empty. Out of it have come pouring, like waves from a ravaged nest, sexually frustrated women (see *The Wife Report*), women who are getting it on but not with men (see *The Joy of Lesbian Sex*), teen-agers worried about their orgasms (see *Therapeutic Sensuality*), a sort of *Wife Report* for the skateboard set), gay men (see almost anything that moves) and why not men whose fondlest erotic fantasies centre on thigh-high boots and baby diapers?



Friday has not been one to miss the parade. The past 10 years have been, for her, a mad, gay (in the old sense) sociological whirl. Her best-selling *My Mother/My Self* explored the deep sexual relationship between mother and daughter, poking out that women in their search for love seek not to marry their fathers but to re-create what they had with their mothers. The book became a cult object, with some universities (in the U.S. offering mother/daughter seminars based on its precepts. In *My Secret Garden* and *Forbidden Flowers*, Friday took on female sexual fantasies, concluding it was a healthy sign that women could finally even confess to desiring of having intercourse with a dog because it means

they were breaking free. Or, as she put it, "Poets are often called the conscience of the nation. I believe our sexual fantasies are the mirrors of the women we would like to become."

Now she has turned her attention to men and their erotic thoughts, but not without trepidation. After asking, in her last book, that men send her their fantasies, she discovered some of them made her want to throw up. Or, as she wrote, "The Fantasy Queen had opened a Pandora's box she could not handle." The rage. The perversion. The first-order words. Why, some of them even suggested they would like to know about Nancy Friday and... Perhaps she had never heard that old-fashioned saying, "If you lay down with dogs, you get up with fleas." This is not to say that the world of sexual fantasy should be taboo. Discovering, in a variety of interesting ways, the erotic yearnings of such loved ones is a necessary and delightful part of intimacy. Sexuality on a personal level is infinitely fascinating. So is sexuality on a public level. It might be quite titillating, for instance, to read about the sexual fantasies of famous people, say Henry Kissinger, Mick Jagger or Jackie O. Unfortunately, Nancy Friday's fertile collection of letters hovers on that level in between, where anonymous Xerox and Philo images still continue with various like Barbara Walters. The light moments are few, although a 28-year-old married Jerry does manage to inspire both laughter and an odd sort of affection with his dream of performing out on an "entire woman's sports team. For instance, the Iowa State College basketball [former national champions] team." After which, he modestly predicts, "naturally they will handily set and all kinds of scoring records."

But, for the most part, even though it is started up with Friday's sociological pondering—"life is all about choices"—by the 40th or so page *Men in Love* has become a blur of far-fetched suppositions for parts of the body and barely intimate descriptions of the sexual act. The result is that one feels not enlightened but trapped into watching 200 house-made porno movies.

Joelitt Timmons

Harpo Marx in league with Dr. Strangelove

KOWALSKI'S LAST CHANCE by Jonathan Korman (New \$12.95)

Comfortable Joe Kowalski is one year short of retirement when he almost gets Brad Heron, Ontario, as the master of a group that used a bazooka

to steal \$80 million in Montreal. Five fast-talking minutes later, Kowalski has been convinced that the arch criminal is a leprechaun who deserves his freedom. Kowalski is just too good-hearted to make it in a world of big-city crime—although he is just the sort of policeman a small town needs, especially one so peaceful as Bradford.

The first half of this book is very funny. The town is populated by characters who have no idea they are in the least funny. Leo Simpson drives side with them against the pragmatic, opportunistic, unapologetic (these adjectives tend to go together in Bradford) chief of police and his cohorts. The plot, powered by its inhabitants' strange ways of perceiving, is as delightful as any spun by P. G. Wodehouse. And Simpson follows the logic of the constructive Kowalski; for example, carries Kivine to his father instead of a gun, finding the former more useful in small-town crime. Sgt. Besok, his immediate superior, agrees—a state who always carries Kivine in showing forthrightness.

Despite the fact that no one character in realistic, Simpson's comic vision of a small Canadian town rings true. Bradford is small but no longer rural, and the book says neighborhood has been replaced by ambition. The police chief "doesn't make a fetish out of retirement." U.S. TV has made its tirade Kowalski's dream of becoming a sheep farmer is belated by his desire to be Kipak. The police department finds ac-

MACLEAN'S BEST-SELLER LIST

FICTION

1. Princess Daisy, Korman (2)
2. The Storm Hearty, LaFollette (2)
3. Sunday's Promise, Le Gourd (1)
4. Little Women, Almond (4)
5. The Girl's Alternative, Popham (2)
6. A Night Horseman's Lady, Lockhart (4)
7. The Wandering Heart, French (2)
8. The Tree of the Hill, Shaw
9. The Emperor's Wife, Pinner (1)
10. Solid Member, Almond (7)

NONFICTION

1. Dreams: My Own Story, Sorensen & Co. (2)
2. The Driveway, Woodward/Amesbury (1)
3. Preparing Your Own Income Tax, Nelson, Little/McGraw-Hill (2)
4. Blue-eyed Smiles, Pinner (1)
5. And No Side Sings, Moore (1)
6. Price for Choice, Pinner (2)
7. The 1st Treasury of Hamlet, Singer
8. The Third Wave, Tolson (1)
9. On a Clear Day You Can See General Motors, Wright (2)
10. The Fourth Man, Reple

(Continued on page 2)

series seat to a small-town California counterpart, which 31 years ago had captured a big one. When they call, Sgt. Brack tells him, "Winter was fine, we didn't have to eat any of the bushes this year."

In the middle of the novel, however, sharing interplay becomes a discourse on themes. Simpson takes us to the headquarters of the covert operations branch of a multinational which has a file on literally everyone and is responsible for nearly every event in world politics. We learn that all the motivations of the plot—including those in-

volving leprechauns—are due to this dense mechanism, which lets Simpson get away with everything. The book's message—"Anything is possible"—is universal, for in fact anything is possible only because of the impossible multinational. Knowing it is hovering in the background dulls the edge of the humor, which until then had been based on ordinary people. It is as if the middle of a Harpo Marx movie we learn that Harpo is working for Dr. Strangelove. Simpson's kind of mayhem is unusual, funnier when we think there's nothing behind it.

David Whiteberger

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Teen angels with trimmed wings



F0005
Directed by Adrian Lyne

It's ironic—and suddenly irritating—that *Passion*, a film following the aspirations and frustrations of four L.A. teenagers and looking for sympathy for them, should be so condescending in its attitude. The four girls (Jodie Foster, Cherie Currie, Marilyn Rapp, and Katherin Berch) want desperately to fly away from their hometown, surpassing home sets. They try all kinds of audacious every drug going, booze, sex and music that will, in the California spirit, "mellow them out." They want to be taken seriously, and act to get looked upon as blossoming in the throes of adolescence. But the script and direction keep adverting a superior tone toward them and we never discover who they are or want to be. These little faces are in an odd movie given a modern place, *Rebelde Wilder's* *Cave*.

The few scenes that are displayed are external rather than inner. Annie (Currie) has a fascist-minded cop-father who wants to put her in an institution, Midge (Kagan) is misunderstood by her mother (Lain Staiti), with an eye on an Oscar, but never on the screen at hand and has an affair with an older man; the

plot contrivances, but for the film-makers—the movie keeps saying *I have gone to film school*. At the end, when Jeanie visits Annie's grave and delivers a monologue about Annie wanting to be buried under a peach tree so that their friends can keep tending her, it's a "poetic" interlude—the tragedy of Hollywood High that few care about these teen angels, least of all the film-makers. Lawrence O'Toole

And baby finally makes three

A SIMPLE STORY
Directed by Claude Sautet

A woman's picture, but in the modern sense, *A Simple Story* (good title) follows the emotional meanderings of the middle-aged Marie, played by the charismatic Banny Scherard, after she has had an abortion and has left her lover to try to make some sense out of her life. She has women friends who bicker about the morality of sex and who commiserate among themselves about it. Meanwhile, she begins some affair with her ex-husband. Trouble in pregnancy life becomes increasingly complicated. Marie begs her ex to help a professionally washed-up medical friend by giving him a job. The friend cannot refuse. He is very inconvenient. All these characters are nice, decent, dull people who are as interesting as that friend of your Aunt Dot who has had recent surgery and is recovering in an affair while her out-of-work husband sits around and gets on her nerves. So—that's not quite true; they're not quite as interesting as the friend of your Aunt Dot. Life does, however, turn out to be rather convenient in the end with Marie redempting the abortion by getting pregnant by the ex. She is last seen holding in the sun and beaming with maternity. Women girls help, women lose baby, women get baby again. You see it's all really very simple. L.O.T.

Poster, Kallman: *Big One True* Box

wise-beyond-her-years Jeanie (Foster) has a neurotic man, played by Billy Kallman, the rising neurotic man. The scenes between these two ring so false you keep thinking it's a pit-sat after one embarrassingly written confrontation, would you believe they end up in bed together making *Flirt* (a line later, however, ring true, Kallman, using up Jodie's noble form, answers, "You make me hate my life!" Variably, nearly every that (condescending to create moody, poetic effects) has to make a point—ask for the poetry, full-of-facts *Saturday Night* *Present*

Brief Encounters

The Black Stallion. A lovely, a boy, a stunning Arabian stallion and an island of horses in the two. Later, the boy meets the horse under the watchful eyes of his mother, Isabella. However, Daniel's mother is a mysterious elemental, mythic and profoundly personal. Caleb DeCohen's cinematography has the detail and clarity of great nature photography. Take a kid along, even if it's you.

Serial. Outrageous. Billy starts of *Golden* (read: North American) sexual and intellectual norms, appeared by the 70s. The whole thing is headed by Timothy West. When last Billy Kallman (Bill Mary) and, as a play later, Christopher Lee. Sexually, dangerously late, it's the great American sex tapes—and the best of the best of the year. The director Billinsky leads on a rich, dizzying time of verbal slapstick, creating a comedy of the over-the-top.

L.O.T.

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O Canada! All too quiet on the Western front

By Alan Follmanington

The mystery is confused, as we approach the Quebec referendum date, in apparent. Mostly, though, it isn't. Bill Davis of Ontario, inheritor of the Confederation flagpin role played so admirably by John Roberts, has evolved into a careful, cautious party-pusher, precisely, discharging the power his position in Toronto demands. Pierre Trudeau, the reluctant broker, accompanying with his own charisma, appears so distracted by his interrupted retirement plans and personal problems that he has approached his reinvigorated prime ministerial role with a weary eye and an averted glance. One suspects he has left his threatened entry into the separation debate to late that a sudden, vigorous display of energy would be regarded as verging on desperation and could be extremely counter-productive.

More interesting, more puzzling (since Liberal supporters are so reluctant to be led as to be burnt), is how the politicians of the West have proved to be quiescent in their first real test of national responsibility. The premiers of the four Western provinces meet in conference in the quiet town of Lethbridge starting April 28, the annual could-be decided some half-dozen years ago to consolidate regional aspirations and to demonstrate to resistant Central Canada that the rules are read as hell and are not going to take its course.

The West, as we know, now has more money than money. The trading policies of the West, suddenly aware of the respect their new affluence brings, have been looking mad in the face of their previous formidability with great place what is missing in this new glow of self-assurance, is a discernible interest and passion for the national movement. With the aid and acquiescence of Dume as a man of real stature, there's all the more need for the new keepers of the flame. Follmanington is a columnist for the FT News Service.

the nation's puzzle book to demonstrate that they've got more than mere cheque books. So far, none to which Premier Peter Lougheed of Alberta is a strange blend of reservations. A man who normally could not play a major part in national affairs, he prefers to coast himself in his secure fortress. In a crucial federal election that winter when a country badly needed further success from the Liberal hegemony that has sanctified Ottawa, Tony Leacock

of activities including loans \$1,000 bills which didn't require receipts. Most remarkable of all, with the country facing a Quebec election that could put another man atop and more, MacFarlane announced to reporters before Feb. 18 that he was voting off to collect sand in his name in Hawaii and wasn't even going to bother to vote. So much for leadership.

There is Sterling Lyon of Manitoba, our own midget version of Rocco Baggio. There is a standing reward being offered for anyone who can produce a national occurrence from him in the past year. The disruptive mischief has provided a new definition for patriotism. Manitoba is deprived of the riches of her three western neighbors, but there is no law, as far as this observer knows, against expressing an opinion. Premier Lyon looks only a desert far from mischief.

The only one of the four who has lived up to the responsibilities granted to them by voters is the eternal David Man, Allan Blakeney of Saskatchewan. He has searched into Quebec—in a good, tough speech almost a year ago and another soon-appearing one in the past few days—to tell the Clark-Quebecians that Western Canada has no interest in divorce with bed privileges—the least freer definition of "severely-governed."

Perhaps Blakeney's breadth is because he is the only one of our four (the Nova Scotia, Ontario and all others who want round in the province he now rules. Ottawa has a deficit of some \$13 billion, Alberta also has a surplus of \$8 billion, B.C. a good \$2 billion. Alberta, B.C. and Saskatchewan have a combined surplus that equals close to surpassing the entire federal deficit. It's maddening. The western provinces have the money, but three of the four have yet to grow up and assume their responsibilities, to join in the mainstream.

When the referendum is lost, someone is going to ask where were you guys when we really needed you?



led first in Hanna and then to Fort-tal rather than provide weight and assistance to his former gaffer whom he does not respect, Joe Clark. The most powerful provincial Conservative in the West could not bring himself to help keep in power a Conservative prime minister from his own province. Resisting, tardily, to all the criticism, Lougheed recently (finally) ventured into Quebec to offer Claude Ryan whatever assistance remained of him. Would a Tory who wouldn't even help a Tory be of any use to a Liberal? One doubts it.

There is Bill Bennett of British Columbia, who seems these days to be clanking to such a different drummer that his own cabinet ministers can take him only by surprise. He has alienated himself completely from the Quebec debate, obsessed with his own petty problems. He was so loath to support as his "federal provincial" ambassador to be stationed in Ottawa a party politician who had to resign before catching the Ottawa light, because

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